CHARACTERS
AND
CRITICISMS,
UPON THE
Ancient and Modern

Orators, *Poets*, *Painters*, } *Muſicians*, *Statuaries*, and other *Arts* and *Sciences*.

With an Heroick

POEM
(In Blank Verſe)
INTITLED,
The Age of *LEWIS* the Great.

Written Originally in *French*, by the Arch-Biſhop of *Cambray*, and made *Engliſh*
By Capt. *BLADEN*.

LONDON:
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BRITISH MUSEUM
15
JUL
09

THE PREFACE.

THE *following Sheets were written originally in* French, *whilst the famous Paper War was on Foot in that Kingdom, between the Partisans of Antiquity, and those of the present Age; wherein some Gentlemen of our own Country have since been involved, at the Expence of their Reputation. The Author it seems for some Reasons best known to himself, has thought fit to conceal his Name, tho' he has managed the Point with so much Justice and Moderation on both sides, he had no danger to apprehend from owning a Production so nicely Penn'd. To pretend to affirm, this is the justest piece of general Criticism, upon all those Authors as well* Ancient *as* Modern *which are mention'd in it, were to maintain a bold Assertion; and yet I cannot help say-*

ing I thought it ſo, even upon a ſecond Read-ing: Thus declaring ſo frankly in favour of my Author, intitles me to a ſhare of that Cenſure the World ſhall think fit to paſs upon his Performances; but I wiſh I had not more Reaſon to be ſolicitous for the Tranſlation then the Original.

To talk Proverbially, you are not to expect an Iliad in a Nut-ſhell. *But I perſuade my ſelf, if you have a Reliſh either for Poetry, Oratory, Painting, or Muſic; you will find ſomething in the following Pages that may contribute to your Diverſion.*

It may perhaps be a Pleaſure to you to behold the Juſtice done to Eloquence, in the Honors duely conferr'd upon Demoſthenes, Cicero *and* Pliny *Junior. To ſee the Poetical Ruin of* Lucan, *which ſo meritoriouſly attended his unbridled Fancy, and* Spaniſh Pride, *that ſo far tranſported him, to make him fancy himſelf a fit Competitor for* Virgil. *Here they who's taſte inclines to the Theater, may find the Juſtneſs and Purity of* Terence *triumph over the Drollery of* Plautus, *tho' the farce upon* Engliſh *Stages lords it uncontroll'd. Nay Painters, Muſicians, and Statuaries, will ſee they have not been forgot.*

The

The Characters of moſt eminent Authors in all Languages, except our own are menti-on'd; Greek, Latin, French, Spaniſh, Italian *and* Portugueze. *Hence ſuch as have not yet had Opportunity of Reading 'em, may get a general Notion of their Characters, and even they who are beſt acquainted with 'em, will not be diſpleaſed to find Criticiſms agreeable to their own Sentiments. It cannot be expected indeed, amongſt ſo great a variety of Opinions as reigns in the preſent Age; this, or any other Book, ſhould hit every Man's Humour: But our Author writ only to Men of ſound Judgment, if they approve his Labours the reſt of the World are beneath his Care.*

The Subject, he tells you in his Preface was not of that Importance to deſerve a methodical Treatiſe: But he ſhall have obtain'd his Point, if the novelty of his Humour, and Raillery, prove acceptable to Readers of the beſt Reliſt.

The Book being writ upon a certain Poem, call'd, The Age of *Lewis* the Great. *'Twas neceſſary to inſert a Tranſlation of it at the End; in the Original it has many Beauties, tho' ſome of 'em indeed are not to be reliſh'd by an* Engliſh *Man, who when he's reading a* French *Epic, will hardly be able to per-*

ſuade

ſuade himſelf, it is not a piece of Burleſque ſo near an Affinity is there between the French *Gingles, and thoſe of* Hudibras; *for this Reaſon therefore and ſome others, the Tranſlator has induſtriouſly avoided Rhyming, and given you the Poem in Blank Verſe, if it pleaſe you, he deſires no greater Satisfaction, if it does not, he is not well enough acquainted with you to have the Chagrin of hearing it.*

In fine, the following Piece is a kind of Poem in Proſe, as all Romances are, 'tis adorn'd like Epic Poems with various Fictions, and divers figurative Manners of Expreſſion. And as Romances are founded upon the Effects, which Love produces in the Hero's of the Story; ſo the Wheel of this Deſign is moved by the violent Paſſion every Author has for his own Productions, and the Ambition each poſſeſſes to be preferr'd before another. This does not only give Occaſion for the general War, whereof we ſhall give you the detail, but even of private Feuds amongſt the Allies of both Parties. At laſt the Buſineſs comes to a general Battel, where Victory remains dubious for ſome time, the fierceſt ſeems rather to declare for the Ancients, *yet all their Bodies come not off victorious; but* Apollo *being inform'd of the Matter, interpoſes his Authority to prevent further Poetic*

Blood-

Blood-ſhed, and makes the Decree, you have at the latter End of the Book: Which concludes as moſt French *Pieces of this kind do, with an extravagant Piece of Praiſe upon the* French *King. But that we muſt forgive the Author, when we conſider Flattery* # *is a Tribute impoſed upon the* Literati *of* France, *and without payment of it, no Book can be acceptable there.*

See yᵉ Translators Bocolin & then find a more fulsome peice of ffattly in ffrance, if you can.

BRITISH
15
66

Army of ye Greek
The French Fleet

Italian and Spanish Poets
The Modern Orators

A Poetical Account OF THE WAR

Lately Declared between the

Ancients and Moderns.

The Contents of the First Book.

The French Academy *being assembled upon an extraordinary Occasion at the* Louvre, *to witness their Joy for the Kings Recovery, read a New Poem, intitled,* Le Siecle de Louis Le Grand. *The Design of this Poem divided the* Academy; *whereupon* Fame *took her flight to* Parnassus; *gave the Inhabitants notice of the Dispute, and recited the Poem to 'em, which occasion'd a Quarrel between the* Ancients *and* Moderns. *They*

 resolve

reſolve upon a War, and the Ancients *chooſe their Chiefs.* Homer *is elected Captain General of all the* Greek *Poets,* Virgil *of the* Latin, *to the Mortification of* Lucan. *The* Greek *Orators chooſe* Demoſthenes *for their Leader, the* Latin, Cicero, *and each appoints the General Officers to ſerve under him.*

THE *French Parnaſſus* had eccho'd forth her joyful Acclamations, and Hymns of Praiſe, whilſt her renown'd Inhabitants rival'd each other in Zeal and Eloquence, to return Heav'n thanks for the recovery of their Auguſt Protector. Or to ſpeak in more familiar Terms, The *French Academy* was aſſembled upon an extraordinary Occaſion at the *Louvre*, to witneſs their Joy for the King's Recovery; where after the recital and reading of many pieces, made in Praiſe of this mighty Prince, a Poem was read, intitled, *Le Siecle de Louis Le Grand*, or the Age of *Lewis* the Great, writ by a Member of the *Academy*. The Subject of it was to demonſtrate, that the *Moderns* were not inferior to the *Ancients* in any of the Liberal Sciences, and excell'd 'em in many Points. This Opinion divided the Aſſembly into two oppoſite Parties. The Work was applauded by all thoſe that preferr'd the *Moderns* to the *Ancients*; whilſt the

the Partisans of Antiquity gave Proofs of their Dissatisfaction at the Preference, and declared the *Ancients* should not want Champions to redress the Injury they had receiv'd.

Mean while a Third Party was form'd amongst the Spectators of this Quarrel, compos'd of such as believ'd the *Ancients* surpass'd the *Moderns* in some particular Subjects, the *Moderns* them, in others. And these reserv'd themselves to form a Judgment hereafter upon the different Reasons, that should be alledged by both Parties.

Monsieur ——— one of the last, returning home, with his Thoughts full of the Dispute, contrived the War I am going to give you an Account of. He tells us the following Night, whilst he was asleep he beheld that inquisitive and tatling Goddess, call'd by the Vulgar *Fame*, who swiftly mounting thro' the Air, fled from one of the Pavilions of the *Louvre* to *Parnassus*, where the Poets and Orators of the Country soon flock'd about her, to be inform'd of what pass'd in the other World. She gave 'em an Account of this new Dispute, and obliged 'em with a Recital of the Poem that occasion'd it: Which she had no sooner done, but it produced the same Effects amongst the Inhabitants of *Parnassus* with the Golden Apple, which * *Eris* cast at the Nuptials of *Thetis* and *Peleus*. Each *Ancient* and *Modern* vyed for the Preference of

* The Goddess of Discord.

his Art, as much as the Three Goddeſſes did for that of their Beauty; and as the Golden Apple was the occaſion of the famous *Trojan* War: So this Poem cauſed the moſt bloody Conflict that ever yet hapned in *Parnaſſus*, and was for that Reaſon call'd, *The Poem of Diſcord.*

Faction and Fury having now poſſeſs'd the Souls of the *Ancients* and *Moderns*, they divided themſelves into two Bodies, and each poſſeſs'd a different ſummit of *Parnaſſus*, there to deliberate upon the meaſures fit to be taken in this important Conjuncture. All the *Moderns* tumultuouſly concluded their Honour was engaged to maintain, whatever this Poem had advanced in their Favour; and all the *Ancients*, agreeing to look upon it as an attempt againſt their Authority, a Declaration of War in behalf of the *Moderns*, reſolv'd to take the Field with all their Forces, to aſſert their Rights.

Theſe Reſolutions being taken in both Counſels, the two Parties thought of nothing, but the Means to carry on the War. The *Ancients*, whoſe great Age had render'd 'em Prudent and Experienced, began with a deliberation about the choice of proper Generals. *Homer* was declared Generaliſſimo of the *Grecian* Poets with the ſame Power *Agamemnon* enjoy'd at the Siege of *Troy*; and his Country-men gave their Votes reſerving only

to themſelves the ſame Liberty of reproaching him for their wrongs in ſtately Verſe, which he had given *Achilles* ſpeaking to *Agamemnon*.

But the *Greek Tragedians* were divided, ſome voted for *Sophocles*, others for *Euripides*. The good Man *Eſchilus* too had many Suffrages; but his number not being equal to either of the former, he quitted his Pretenſions for the Publick Good, upon Condition *Sophocles* and *Euripides* ſhould content themſelves with an equal ſhare of Command, but that *Sophocles* ſhould have the Right Hand.

The *Comick* Poets likewiſe diſagreed, the more ancient *Greek Comedians* were for conferring the Command on *Ariſtophanes*, the later on *Menander*. The firſt of theſe Chiefs had the Advantage in number of Troops, which he was able to bring into the Field for the common Cauſe, compoſed of Seven Compleat Pieces, each conſiſting of near two Thouſand Verſes, whereas the others Troops had been ſo ruin'd by Time, he had only a few Fragments left, and all together could hardly form a Company of one Hundred Verſes. But his Party reply'd upon this Occaſion, that Verſes ſhould not be counted but weigh'd, for the precious Remains of *Menander* put into a Scale with the Teſtimony of all the Ancient Criticks, and † *Plutarch*'s amongſt the reſt, would over-balance the Eleven

† See *Plutarch*'s Compariſon between *Menander* and *Ariſtophanes*.

ven Comedies of *Ariſtophanes*: Thus to comprize the Matter, 'twas agreed each ſhould command his ſeparate Body.

Pindar was elected Captain of the *Grecian Lyricks*, after ſome ſmall Conteſts in favour of *Simonides*, *Bachilides*, and * *Alceus*.

* Inventer of *Alcaick* Verſes much applauded by *Horace*.

Theocritus was declared chief of the *Bucolick* Poets, for all the Pretenſions of *Bion* and *Moſchus*, who only obtain'd the Title of his Lieutenants.

Callimachus was choſen Commander of thoſe Poets who writ Hymns, Elegies, and all other kind of ſoft Pieces; but the *Lesbian Sapho* was made his Collegue.

Mean while the *Latin* Poets were as buſie about the Election of their Generals; and the Chief Command was unanimouſly conferr'd upon *Virgil*, none oppoſing the Choice but *Horace*, who would have had *Virgil* divided the Honour with † *Varius*; but the latter not having reſerv'd ſo much as one ſingle Verſe for the Publick Service; *Horace* was the only Perſon of that Opinion.

† An heroic Poet mightily prais'd by *Horace*.

Lucan being mightily incens'd to ſee *Virgil* preferr'd before him, proteſted againſt the Election, and refuſed to agree upon any other Terms, but being declared at leaſt his Collegue. Saying in ſententious and haughty * Verſe, if *Virgil* could not ſuffer an Equal, for his Part he was reſolv'd not to endure a Maſter; to which *Virgil* only made Anſwer with

* *Nec quemquam jam ferre jubet ſi Cæſare priorem Pompeiuſve Parem* — Pharſal. Lib. 1.

a modeſt Smile. But *Lucan* was hiſs'd at by the Aſſembly of ancient *Latin* Poets; who well knew the Diſtance between him and *Virgil*, and therefore told him, his Pretenſions would only bear Water amongſt ſome *Moderns*, that were not capable of reliſhing all the Beauties and Niceties of *Latin* Poetry, nor could he reaſonably carry his Ambition higher than to be *Virgil*'s Lieutenant. But he refuſed the Command, and retiring with a *Spaniſh* Gravity ſaid,

Victrix cauſa Deis, placuit, ſed victa Catoni.

Heav'n, the Victorious, *Cato*, choſe the con-
(quer'd Cauſe,

and gave 'em to underſtand, he would ſeek Revenge for the wrong he believ'd they had done him.

Statius in his default was choſen by *Virgil* for his Lieutenant General, in Preference to *Silius Italicus*, who pretended a Title to the Employ.

Horace without a Rival was elected General of the *Lyrick* Poets: Yet when the choice of a Captain amongſt the *Satyriſts* came on; *Juvenal* was ſo hardy to Diſpute the Pre-eminence with him: But he was only look'd upon as a Declaimer or School-Boy in Compariſon with *Horace*; and the ill ſucceſs of his enterprize ſo provoked him, he was upon the Point of Revolting, and going to intrench

himſelf on the Foot of the Mountain, at the Head of ſeveral Poets of corrupted Language, and a vaſt number of Pedants from different Nations, who had made *Latin* Verſes, and perſwaded him he deſerv'd better then *Horace*. But the Authority of *Lucilius* the moſt Ancient *Satyriſt*, brought him back again to his Duty, and taught him by his own Example to give Place to the General.

Perſius likewiſe conteſted the Election, but he made ſo obſcure a Diſcourſe, and in ſuch an intricate Stile, the Audience had much to do to underſtand him. *In Fine*, *Horace* was at laſt acknowledg'd General of the *Satyriſts*, as well as of the *Lyricks*, and finding himſelf obliged to divide his Cares between theſe Two Imployments, he made the good Man *Lucilius* his aſſociate for the Command of the latter by way of ackowledgment for the Reſpect he had ſhewn him; and conſtituted *Perſius* with *Juvenal* his Lieutenant Generals.

Seneca the *Tragedian* became Candidate for the Command of the *Latin* Poets of his Claſs; and carried it from his Competitors.

Next came the Election amongſt the *Comick* Poets; ſome gave their Votes for *Terence*, others for *Plautus*, but at laſt Majority decided the Cauſe in favour of the former: *Scipio* and *Lælius* ſhew'd their Reſentment at the Competition, that the Delicacy of *Terences* Stile and Thoughts, wherein they had

ſo

ſo conſiderable a Part, ſhould be balanced with the Clinches and Courſer Drolleries of *Plautus*, who was only fit to pleaſe People without Taſt; whereas *Terence* was deſtin'd to divert the more refin'd and delicate Judgments. However *Plautus* ſtill kept his *Partiſans*, who openly declared he had more Life and Comedy in him than *Terence*; but theſe were only the Mob of *Parnaſſus*, for all elevated Spirits were for *Terence*.

Ovid and *Tibullus* were propoſed for the Command of ſuch Poets as dealt in Elegies; and the Votes were ſo even, they were elected jointly with equal Power, like the Two Conſuls of *Rome*.

Martial all over poinant preſented himſelf to be choſen General of the *Epigrammatiſts*; but *Catullus* was preferr'd before him. However, that he might not be angry, they allotted him the Command of a ſeperate Party, compoſed of *Equivocal Punning* Poets; who were deſigned to be Detach'd from the Main Body of the *Latin Poetick* Army, to be imploy'd in the Nature of a *Forlorn Hope*, proper to Skirmiſh with *Modern Pedants* and *Italian* Poets.

When all the Leaders were choſen, the two Generals of the *Greek* and *Latin* Armies, in purſuance of the full Power they were inveſted with, made a Confederacy, a League Offenſive and Defenſive againſt the

Mo-

Moderns, which they confirm'd by their Poetick Oaths, and for an Aſſurance of their Faith, interchanged their Poems, which ſerved for Reciprocal Hoſtages.

Mean time, the Ancient Orators likewiſe were employ'd about chooſing their Generals, The *Greeks* unanimouſly pitch'd upon *Demoſthenes*, on Condition he ſhould conſult *Pericles* upon every Occaſion, as well in reſpect to this wiſe Captains Eloquence, as his Experience in War. Some were of Opinion to have join'd *Phocion* too, but the *Athenian Orators* oppos'd it, for the Ancient hatred they bore him, becauſe he uſed to declare his mind too freely, and had more Virtue then they.

Demades ſpeaking for the reſt, was for excluding him from any Command amongſt the *Greek Orators*, for his Harangues, ſaid he, muſt of neceſſity be bad, ſince they contributed towards the making him be condemn'd to Death, which I had foretold him, ſaying, † *The People of Athens will kill thee, when they grow angry*, to which he reply'd by way of Deriſion, *and thee, when they return to their Senſes.* Beſides added he, *Phocion* muſt needs be unfortunate to the Publick Cauſe, for it is not the buſineſs of Eloquence to declare the Truth, but delight and impoſe upon her Auditors. Since therefore he has never yet been ſucceſsful, he ought to be excluded from all kind of Authority.

† See *Plutarch* in *Phocion's* Life.

Iſocrates

Isocrates demanded an equal Share of Authority with *Demosthenes*, and alledged for Merit, the other had been his Scholar. But the *Greek* Orators refus'd him, saying, such a Leader as *Isocrates* was only fit to re-establish Affairs in a desperate Posture, as those of the *Romans* under *Fabius Maximus* in the time of *Hannibal*. But they were at present in too good a Condition to be confined to a Man so slow as *Isocrates*, who would make it his Business to continue the War as long a time, as he was writing his * *Panegyrick:* For the *Moderns* had not a sufficient Power to hold out against the *Ancients*; and this was a War to be determined in a single Campaign.

* The same Author says, *Isocrates* was five Years composing his Panegyrick.

The *Latins* chose *Cicero* their Captain General, notwithstanding the Competition of *Hortensius*. *Quintilian*, claim'd the Title of his Associate, as being Master of the *Latin* Eloquence: But said *Cicero* (looking on him with the Authority of a *Roman* Consul) 'tis very fit indeed a School-master as thou art should presume to equal himself with a Consular Person; if thou hadst not been so rash, perhaps I might have chosen thee for my Lieutenant General; but behold the Young *Pliny* who will better sustain the Character, he was a Consul as well as my self, and has so artificially prais'd *Trajan*, I cannot choose a properer Person to see my Orders executed during the War. I would likewise willingly em-

employ the two *Gracchi*, whoſe Eloquence I am acquainted with; but ſince they are dangerous Spirits, too much reſembling *Cataline*, who had ſubverted the Republick, but for the Care I took to preſerve her during my Conſulate; I ſhall be apprehenſive they may raiſe ſome new Sedition amongſt us. For thee, *Quintilian*, added *Cicero*, I make thee *Intendant* of the *Latin* Army, be it thy Charge to furniſh our Forces with round Periods, and beautiful Phraſes, collected out of my Orations, which are the neceſſary Proviſions for the Subſiſtance of our Troops. This Diſpoſition being approved by all the *Latin* Orators, *Cicero* and *Demoſthenes* ſwore Alliance to each other in behalf of the Orators of both Nations, in the ſame Manner as *Homer* and *Virgil* had done in the Name of the Poets.

This Affair diſpatch'd, the Four Generals employ'd themſelves in diſtributing the neceſſary Orders for diſpoſing their Troops in the Field. The *Greeks* in Imitation of *Cicero*'s Advice to *Quintilian*, thought it not amiſs to provide Store of *Attick Salt*, extracted from their Works, wherewith they loaded ſeveral Waggons, as well for the Uſe of their own Forces, as to furniſh ſuch Auxiliary Troops as might come to their Aſſiſtance, thro' the means of their Intelligence with the *Moderns*. This *Salt* being very ſcarce amongſt

mongſt Authors, was call'd the Treaſure of the Army; and the Charge of it was committed by the *Greek* Orators to *Lucian*, by the Poets to *Ariſtophanes*. The *Latin* Poets deſired the *Grecians* to furniſh 'em with it, and they gave 'em ſeveral Load, which were committed to *Horace*'s keeping. But *Cicero* was proud, and valued himſelf as much as *Demoſthenes*; ſo deſired none, being ſatisfied with the Orders he had given *Quintilian*.

The Contents of the Second Book.

The Moderns *chooſe their Generals. A Diſpute between the* French Epick *Poets.* Brebeuf *brings 'em Intelligence in* Lucan's *Name. They elect* Corneille *for their Chief.* Ronſard's *Complaint. The Choice of other Leaders amongſt the different ſorts of* French *Poetry.* Corneille *makes 'em take an Oath, then communicates his thoughts to 'em. The* Italian *Poets pitch upon* Taſſo, *who is likewiſe acknowledged by the* Spaniards, *whereupon* Arioſto *retires diſcontented.* Camoes *the famous* Portugueze *Poet preſents himſelf, and makes a Speech: The Election of other Chiefs. The* French *Orators chooſe* Balzac *for their General; but* Calprenede *obliges*

'em

'em to make him his Aſſociate. The Spaniards *elect* Miguel de Cervantes, *in whom the* Italians *acquieſce.*

WHilſt, the *Ancients* were thus employ'd, the *Moderns* being aſſembled on the other ſummit of the Mount, conſulted on their Part about the Methods for carrying on ſo great a War; but with much leſs Order then the Ancients, for almoſt all of 'em ſpoke at a time, nor was any Perſon willing to yield the Preference to another, each entertaining the beſt Opinion of himſelf. In fine, there was a great Diviſion amongſt the *French Epick* Poets; they pretended and not without Reaſon, that *Heroick* Poetry was the moſt Noble of all others, and therefore from amongſt them ought to be choſen a Generaliſſimo for the Modern Poets of that Nation; but not a Perſon could be found capable of ſo great an Employ. In vain did *Chapelain* ſtretch his Lungs, in crying he was the *French Homer:* That they might examine his † *Pucelle*, and would find it juſt according to the Rules of the *Ancients*. For he was anſwer'd, the *Ancients* had not only pleas'd the Ages they lived in, but all the following; whereas he had paſſ'd his own, and juſtly drawn the Railery of his Contemporary Criticks upon him. Beſides, there reign'd ſo great a coldneſs thro'out his whole Poem,

† A Poem on the Maid of *Orleans.*

Poem, it was ſufficient to freeze the Spirits of all the Poets that ſhould march after him.

Then *Scudery* advancing ſaid, they could not juſtly refuſe him the Command of the Modern Poets, ſince he had ſung,

—* *Le vainqueur des vainqueurs de la Terre.*

The Victor of the Victors of the Earth.

* The firſt Verſe of *Scudery*'s Alarie.

but *Chapelain* ſaid, he ought not to diſpute the Preference with him, ſince the Choice of a *Goth* for his Hero had render'd him unworthy; that he ought to have pitch'd upon one in *France*, which had produced ſeveral as proper to be the Subjects of a Poem as that Barbarous King. Wherefore if he pleas'd, he might go amongſt the *Gothic* Poets to be choſen their General by the way of Acknowledgment for having ſung their *Alaric*. For his Part, in Imitation of *Homer*, who had celebrated *Grecian* Hero's, and of *Virgil*, who had choſen the Founder of the *Roman* People; He had labour'd for the Honour of *France*, and whereas other Poets had ſeldom chanted above one Hero, he had recorded the exploits of a † Hero, and a Heroine to ſatisfie both Sexes.

† The Count of *Dunois*, and the Maid of *Orleans*.

Scudery would have replyed, but he was interrupted by the two Authors of *Clovis* and St. *Lewis*, who were likewiſe diſputing about the

the Chief Command; they both ſpoke at a time, and inſiſted upon the ſame Merits, that they had ſung the true Heroes of *France*, each pretending that Title belong'd to the Perſon he had choſen. Mean while arrived St. *Amand*, who encreas'd the noiſe, by exclaiming, that he alone had a Title to the Honour, having made choice of the greateſt of * Heroes, to whom all other ought to give Place. So great was the Diſturbance theſe Three Poets made in *Parnaſſus*, that *Jupiter* might have Thundred without being heard, when *Brebeuf* arriving interpoſed between the Diſputants, telling 'em with aloud Voice, he had News of the greateſt Importance to communicate to all the *Modern Poets*, but he was reſolv'd not to declare one Word before the whole Aſſembly were Silent, and would grant him a favourable Audience. He found great difficulty in obtaining his deſire, but at length Curioſity put an end to the Debate, and the Clamour being appeas'd, thus he began.

* He made an Heroick Poem on *Moſes*.

I come to bring you Advice, of the utmoſt Conſequence from *Lucan*. This great Poet being full of Acknowledgement, for my having made him ſpeak *French* ſo well, has given me an Account of all the *Ancients Motions*. He has inform'd me, they have already choſen *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Cicero*, and *Demoſthenes* for their Generals, whilſt we are fling-

flinging away our time upon Diſputes: That the *Greeks* and *Latins* are ready to take the Field, and that 'tis high time we ſhould put our ſelves in a poſture to oppoſe their Efforts. He commanded me at the ſame inſtant to tender you his Aſſiſtance, and acquaint you, if you acknowledge him for your General by electing me to that Command, he will give me free leave to employ all his Sentences, Politick Maxims, Poetick Fictions, and all the forces of his *Pharſalia* in general againſt the *Ancients*: For ſo much is he incens'd, that they have preferr'd *Virgil* before him to the Generalſhip of the *Latin* Poets; that he aſſured me, if he could ſpeak *French* he would come himſelf in Perſon to lead you to the Field againſt the *Ancients*, on me therefore he has conferr'd that Care: But to you Gentlemen, added he, it belongs, to determine, Whether you will make your Advantage of this important Advice.

All the *Moderns* were immediately ſtruck with Terror at the bare Naming of the *Ancients* four mighty Chiefs. They all agreed, 'twas highly neceſſary to begin to think of their Affairs, but the *French* Poets could by no means Conſent to chooſe a Tranſlator in the Perſon of *Brebeuf* for their Leader: They declared ſuch an Action would diſgrace 'em amongſt other Nations; be an

Eternal Blemiſh on their Honour; and that 'twas abſolutely neceſſary the General of the *French* Poets, ſhonld have made an Original Poem in that Language.

Thus *Brebeuf* finding himſelf excluded from the employ he aim'd at, to make it appear he was always ready to Sacrifice his private Intereſt to the Publick Good, told 'em he had an Expedient to propoſe. And when they had beckned to him to ſpeak on: Gentlemen, ſaid he, I am ſenſible as well as you, that *Epick* Poems have always obtain'd the firſt Rank in the Kingdom of Poetry; but ſince our Nation, has not yet been ſo happy to produce an *Heroick* Poet, to whom all the reſt will yield the Bays: My Advice is, that without making a precedent for the future, or diminiſhing the dignity of *Epick* Poetry, till ſuch time as that Fortunate Poet ſhall be born; We make choice of the Great *Corneille* for our Captain General, who is acknowledged to be Prince of the *Dramaticks* amongſt the *Moderns*, and has always held a ſtrict Correſpondence with *Lucan*.

This Council was applauded by the greateſt Part of the Aſſembly, *Corneille* was immediately lifted up upon a Shield, and declared *Generaliſſimo* of all the *French* Poets. All but the Author of St. *Lewis* acknowledged him, but he retired like *Lucan*, re-

ſolv'd

ſolv'd not to bear Arms during the War, becauſe of the Injury, he fancy'd, they had done him; which concurring with the likeneſs of their Stile, gain'd him the Name of the *French Lucan.*

This Election of *Corneille* having put the Aſſembly in ſome order, the good Old *Ronſard*, who dwelt at the Bottom of the Hill, approach'd by gentle Steps; He found great difficulty in mounting to the Top, becauſe of the *Aſtma* he had contracted by too much ſinging. He pretended, that in Reſpect to his Age, and the Character he had bore, whilſt alive, of Prince of the *French* Poets, his Countrymen ought to have choſen him for their General; but he was not a little ſurpriz'd, when he found the Command already beſtow'd upon *Corneille.* Ha! my Maſters, ſaid he, in a hoarſe and trembling Voice, Whither is the Honour of *France* fled? Prefer a Poet of the Theater to me! Is it then forgot, that I am the Author of *Franciade?* Is it thus you reward my Labours? Is this the applauſe I merit, for having brought, as I may ſay, *French* Poetry into the World? O Times! O Manners! What will all the *Grecian* Poets ſay? What will the Divine *Homer* ſay to ſo unjuſt an Action?

Corneille being affronted at the Diſcourſe, and the Praiſe which *Ronſard* had given *Homer* the Capital Enemy of the *Moderns*;

reply'd, in your Opinion then, I do not deſerve the Honour theſe Gentlemen have beſtow'd upon me? No moſt certainly ſaid *Ronſard:* Whereupon cry'd *Corneille* lifting up his Arm

* A verſe in *Corneille's Cid.* which he makes Count *Germas* ſay after he had box'd *Don Diego.*

——————— * *Ton Inſolence,*
Temeraire Vieillard aura ſa Recompence

——————— Thy Inſolence,
Raſh Dotard ſhall receive its juſt reward.

and withal gave *Ronſard* ſuch a Box on the Ear, as fell'd him to the Ground.

This Blow of Authority had a very good Effect; all the *Dramatick Poets* approv'd the Reſolution *Corneille* had ſhewn upon this Occaſion, none but the *Epicks* ſilently murmur'd at it, but their Party not being uppermoſt, they durſt ſay nothing. *Chapelain* contented himſelf with going to *Ronſard*, helping him up again, and conducting him to the Foot of the Mountain, where they both had dwelt together, and contracted a ſtrict Friendſhip, by Reaſon of their Sympathy of Humour, Genius, and Language.

Moliere was unanimouſly choſen General of all the *Comick* Poets, with great applauſe from the whole Aſſembly.

The *French Lyricks* next went about their Election, and made choice of *Malherb* for their

their Leader, tho' they found ſeveral obſolete Expreſſions in his Works, but want of more worthy Competitors, made 'em overlook thoſe failings.

The *Elegiac* Poets tho' very numerous, could not find a Perſon, whom they thought worthy to be their General; and were therefore obliged to confer that Title upon a Woman in the Perſon of the Counteſs of *Suſe*, whom they acknowledged to have ſurpaſs'd 'em all in that Paſſionate and Tender Way.

The Marquis of *Racan* was choſen Commander of all the Poets, who made *Eclogues Idilles*, or any other Kind of Country Verſe.

Sabliere being lately arrived from the Land of the Living, was declared Chief of ſuch as dealt in *Madrigals*, in amorous and tender *Sonnets*.

When each Body had choſen its Chief, the Captain General *Corneille* finding no Perſons either amongſt his Brethren of the *Dramma*, or the *Epicks* fit to make general Officers of, declared *Brebeuf* his firſt Lieutenant, in Conſideration of his having been the firſt, who propoſed him to be choſen Commander in Chief, and he made *Malherb* his Second, which encreas'd the Diſcontent of the *Epicks*, who thus found themſelves excluded from the great Employments,

and reduced to ſerve at the Head of their ſeveral Poems in the Nature of Simple Colonels. *Corneille* having a Reſpect for the delicate genius's of *Voiture* and *Saraſin*, choſe them for his Aids Decamp: He commanded *Brebeuf* to keep private Intelligence with *Lucan*, by his means to have notice of the *Ancients* deſigns; but to him only he gave Licenſe to hold Commerce with 'em. After this he aſſembled all the *French* Poetick Leaders, and thought it convenient to make 'em take an Oath of Fidelity between his Hands, which contain'd the following Articles.

I. *That they ſhould not be guilty of any Action, directly or indirectly againſt the Intereſt of their Party.*

II. *That they ſhould not make the* Ancients *Reſtitution, for any of the Theft they had made from 'em.*

III. *That they ſhould never own they were indebted to 'em for any thing.*

IV. *That they ſhould bear 'em an implacable Malice and Hatred.*

After they had taken the Oath, he told 'em in Private, he had left ſeveral Authors amongſt the Living, who had the ſame Sentiments with them; who had ſo great an Averſion to *Greek* Authors, they would have no Acquaintance with 'em, but upon the Credit

Credit of their *Latin* Tranſlators; and that ſome had extended their Hatred and Prejudice even to the *Latins*, holding no Commerce with 'em, but thro' the Mediation of their *French* Interpreters; and added theſe ſworn Enemies to the *Ancients*, would unanimouſly declare againſt 'em.

Yet Alas! Purſued he with a melancholy Sigh (which his Zeal for the Common Cauſe, and vaſt Experience in Poetick Affairs occaſion'd) I have great Reaſon to apprehend, a conſiderable Defection amongſt the Living *Moderns*, for I know they hold ſo particular a Commerce, are ſo ſtrictly bound by Friendſhip, and have ſo great a Conformity of Genius with the *Grecian* Poets, that without all Doubt they will join 'em; and this gives me as much Affliction as the United Forces of the *Greeks* and *Latins*.

There are likewiſe ſaid *Corneille* a Generation of Poets, of divers Countries amongſt the *Moderns*, who inſtead of cultivating their Mother Tongue, conſume their Days in making wretched *Greek* and *Latin* Verſes; which the ignorant admire, becauſe they don't underſtand 'em. Theſe *Barbarians* likewiſe will be againſt us, but theſe I value not, they will only ſerve to put the Enemies Camp in Diſorder, and if the *Ancients* are wiſe, they'll ſend 'em back again to

their Colledges, for they will find it a difficult Matter to underſtand 'em; not but they make uſe of the ſame Terms with the *Ancients*, but they pronounce 'em with a very different Tone, and often Marſhal 'em wrong without being ſenſible of it. For to know all the Beauties and Delicacy of a Language, a Man ought to be born in the Country, otherwiſe he will always appear a Forreigner, let him Study never ſo hard to make himſelf perfect. An ill choice of an Epithet inſtead of one more proper, or placing an Adjective before a Subſtantive, where Cuſtom requires it ſhould go before, is ſufficient to make a Man paſs for a Barbarian, in a Language which he thought himſelf a perfect Maſter of. This, continued he, puts me in mind of a Stranger, who fancied he ſpoke *French* perfectly well, told me, he was juſt come over *Neuf Pont*, inſtead of *Pont Neuf*, and afterwards in the ſequel of his Diſcourſe, he gave me to underſtand he had been drinking, *Vin Neuf*, and that he had made him unhabit *Nouveau*.

After this Manner, (added *Corneille* as *Virgil* not long ago aſſured me, when I was diſcourſing with him;) do our *Modern* Poets make *Latin* Verſes, and expreſs themſelves in that Language; whoſe blunders he aſſured me frequently gave the *Ancients* Diverſion.

I would

I would desire to know of these *Pedants*, who write nothing but *Greek* and *Latin*, pursued he, whether the *Ancients*, they so much esteem, ever writ in any other Language but their own? Why therefore do they not imitate 'em in that particular, as well as in their manner of speaking? And why, instead of spending their Lives, in repeating the Words the *Ancients* made use of, do not they employ their Time to enrich their Mother Tongues, with the bright *Ideas* they find in their Works? If the *Latins* writ not in *Greek*, it was not because they did not understand that Language to a greater Perfection, then our most expert *Pedants* at present do the *Latin*. For there were very few Persons of Quality in *Ancient Rome*, who went not during their Youth to learn *Greek* at *Athens*, and others had Tutors to instruct 'em in that Language. But I suppose the Reason, why these *Moderns* write only in *Greek* and *Latin*, is, that they may the better hide the Obscurity of their Thoughts, which they believe their Interest to keep conceal'd.

Whilst *Corneille* was making these Judicious Reflections, the *Modern Italian* Poets, who were posted on the Right of the *French* upon the same side of the Hill, were employ'd about the Election of their Chiefs. After a short Contest amongst 'em in favour of *Tasso*, *Arioste* and *Marini*, the first was chosen

choſen General by Majority of Votes, and being approved by the *Spaniards*, who had no *Epick* Poets to oppoſe him, they reſolved to unite themſelves to this Body of *Italians*, on Condition he would grant each the Degree he ſhould deſerve in his Army.

The Election of *Taſſo* diſguſted his two Competitors, and *Arioſto* immediately mounting his *Hippogriphe*, vaniſh'd away, nor could any one conceive his Deſign.

Mean while a Ragged, one Ey'd Poet with a ſcurvey Mein, who ſpoke broken *Spaniſh* preſented himſelf, and with an Audacious Air ſaid, he deſerv'd to be choſen General better then *Taſſo*: The *Italians*, who had no Acquaintance with him, ask'd the *Spaniards* if they knew who he was, and were inform'd he was † *Camoes* the famous *Portugueſe*, who had made an Heroick Poem, intitled *Les Luziades*, upon the Voyages and Conqueſt of ſeveral Captains of his Nation; but chiefly on *Vaſco de Gama* the Firſt who doubled the *Cape of Good Hope*, to carry his Conqueſts into the *Eaſt Indies*; and that he had always been in greater eſteem amongſt his Countrymen then either *Homer* or *Virgil*. Whereupon the *Italians* begg'd his Pardon, for not being better acquainted with him, and aſſured him, when they ſhould underſtand him, they would willingly render him the Juſtice due

† He died in the Hoſpital at *Lisbon*, *An.* 1573.

to

to his Merit; however in the mean while, they desired he would serve the *Moderns* at the Head of his Poem; and their General *Tasso* having the Power to dispose of all inferior Commands, he should bestow one upon him which he deserv'd.

I serve under any Man? Reply'd *Camoës*; no Gentlemen, you are mistaken, if you fancy any such thing. I design to command a separate Army, and alone defeat *Homer*, *Virgil*, and all the *Ancients*: Nor do I demand any other favour, but that I may have the Liberty to engage 'em first; that I may reap the sole Glory of this War.

The whole Assembly, having applauded his Zeal, conferr'd the Command of the *Dramatick* Poets upon *Don Lopez de Vega*, as well for the Beauty of his Thoughts, and the Richness of his Genius, as the irreconcileable hatred he bore the *Ancients* and all their Rules, for in all his Pieces he made a Jest of those Maxims prescrib'd by *Aristotle* and *Horace*; for instead of observing the Rule of Four and Twenty Hours, with the Unities of Place and Action, he frequently represented in a single Play, what pass'd in several Countreys during the space of an intire Age.

As the *Spaniards* for want of *Epick* Poets had not disputed the Command of *Generalissimo* with *Tasso*; so neither did the *Italians* con-

conteſt the Title of *Dramatick* Chief with *Lopez de Vega*, for the like Reaſons, having great Scarcity of *Poets* in that kind amongſt 'em. *Guarini* was the only Perſon who could pretend to the Honour, but conſidering he had only writ one ſingle Piece which the World was acquainted with, he thought it Diſcretion to decline the Matter; and *Taſſo* to Reward his Modeſty, ſaid he would make him one of his Lieutenants, and give him the Command of his *Amintas* to join with his own *Paſtor Fido*.

The *Comedians* and *Satyriſts*, as well *Italians* as *Spaniards* met in a ſingle Body, and by one Conſent made Choice of *Taſſoni* Author of the Poem call'd *La Secchia Rapita* for their Leader.

They who compoſed *Amorous* Verſes elected *Petrarch* for theirs, ſo much renown'd for his tender and paſſionate Thoughts upon the lovely *Laura*.

Theſe Elections being over, *Corneille* and *Taſſo* made their Compliments to each other, and ſwore an Union againſt the *Ancients*, as *Homer* and *Virgil* had done againſt the *Moderns*. But *Lopez de Vega*, with great uneaſineſs beheld *Corneille* ſo far exalted above him, his *Spaniſh* temper could difficultly brook the *French* Mans Glory, and to diminiſh it he declared, that *Corneille* was inrich'd by his Sports; and had ſtolen the choi-

ceſt

ceſt Thoughts out of his Works; But *Taſſo* deſired him to forget thoſe Theſts in favour to the Common Cauſe.

Mean while, the *Modern* Orators being Aſſembled for the Choice of their Leaders, were ſtrangely divided. The *French* Advocates being uſed to bawl at the Bar, exclaim'd with all their Force, that *Cicero* was but an Advocate as well as they, that they ought to follow the Example of the *Latins*, in chooſing a General of their Profeſſion; in Preference to all other kinds of Oratory: And *Gaultier* back'd by many noiſie Lawyers pretended to the Honour, but the wiſer ſort conſidering the Diſproportion between him and *Cicero*, made a Jeſt of his Vanity.

The Defender of *Jean Milliard*'s Cauſe, told 'em the Queſtion was already decided, that they need only read the Poem, which was the Occaſion of that War, and they would find, that to him alone belong'd the Honour of maintaining the *Modern* Orators Intereſt againſt *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*. But this pretence not being judged leſs extraordinary than that of *Gaultier*, all the *French* Advocates unanimouſly choſe *Le Maêtre* for their Chief, but he knowing what difficulty he ſhould find in engaging with *Cicero* and *Demoſthenes*, declared he ſhould acknowledge himſelf their Scholar, ſo refuſed the Employ his Brethren would have given him:

Where-

Whereupon they offer'd it to *Patru*, who likewiſe declined the Employ. Thus the Advocates finding themſelves without a Chief, were obliged to ſearch one amongſt Authors of other Profeſſions: They ſent Deputies indeed to offer *Du Vair* Keeper of the Seals the General Command, notwithſtanding his obſolete Language; but this wiſe Magiſtrate, did not think himſelf an equal Match for ſuch powerful Enemies, and the Lawyers knew no Body elſe to addreſs themſelves to. Soon after *Balſac* appear'd with an Arrogant mein, and made 'em an Harangue in a ſtarch'd premeditated Stile, wherein he offer'd his Service to the *French* Orators, he aſſured 'em, neither the *Attick Salt*, nor the *Politeneſs of Rome*, were capable to ſtrike a Terror into him; for his Part he had good Intelligence in thoſe Countries, was well acquainted with their *Fort* and their *foible*, nor was any Man more capable to find out the Defects in the *Ancients* Armour, and obtain a Victory over 'em which ſhould be memorable to all future Ages then himſelf.

Balſac's Aſſurance of his own Merit, made the *French* Orators for want of a more able Perſon, grant him the Chief Command. Yet ſome were wiſe enough to conſider, they had put the Defence of the Common Cauſe into very indifferent Hands, That all *Balſac*'s Diſcourſes

Diſcourſes reſembled whip'd Cream, made a mighty ſhew, but had very little Subſtance; that his *Prince* and *Ariſtippus* which Readers of depraved Taſt ſet ſo great a value upon, would be cut to Pieces by a ſingle Oration of *Demoſthenes*, and that a ſmall Number of *Cicero*'s familiar Epiſtles, would be able to Rout all his bulky Volumes of Letters.

Calprenede advancing with his *Gaſconetir* at the Head of many Authors who had writ *Romances*, proteſted he would never ſubmit to *Balſac*, that he was only a Pedant, an Upſtart Beggar, inrich'd with the Phraſes and Expreſſions of the *Ancients*, which he had diſguiſed, and new trimm'd up again to compoſe his Works. But for him, he defied Mankind to accuſe him of having ſtoln any thing from the *Ancients*, except the Names of ſeveral *Romantick* Hero's; but he had new moulded 'em, and made 'em ſo much larger then Nature, that he might juſtly claim the Title of the greateſt Original and beſt Inventer amongſt the *Roman* Orators, wherefore they ought to have conferr'd the Chief Command on him: However *Balſac* being already choſen, they deſired he would content himſelf to be his Collegue, and take Care to ſuſtain him at the Head of all his Hero's, if he was too hardly preſs'd by the *Ancients*.

The

The *Italian* Orators were not leſs confuſed about the Choice of their General; having abundance of Wit, and but little Judgment, the Fame of *Cicero* and *Demoſthenes* made 'em tremble, nor was any Perſon amongſt 'em ſo hardy to undertake the Burthen of the War. But the *Spaniards*, who join'd 'em, had more Courage; and deliver'd 'em out of this difficulty by chooſing of *Miguel de Cervantes*. The *Italians* applauded the Choice, and as the *Spaniſh* Poets had conſented to obey *Taſſo*, ſo they ſubmitted to receive Orders from *Cervantes*, hoping he who had ſo happily defeated *Amadis*, and the other *Romances* of *Ancient* Chivalry by his inimitable *Don Quixotte de la Manche*, might be able to do the like by *Cicero* and *Demoſthenes*.

Balſac and *Calprenede* ſwore Union with *Miguel de Cervantes*, and afterwards ſent to aſſure *Corneille* and *Taſſo* of a good Correſpondence, who return'd their Compliments with the ſame Proteſtations of Friendſhip.

The

The Contents of the Third Book.

The Ancients *four Generals march at the Head of their Troops towards Mount* Helicon: *The Order of their March.* Homer *and* Virgil *poſſeſs themſelves of the Fountain* Hippocrene. *The* Muſes *frightned by* Fame *take their Flight from Mount* Helicon *to that of* Olympus. Virgil *mounts* Pegaſus, *and follows 'em. The* Moderns *march towards Mount* Helicon. *The Order of their March. A Sedition amongſt the* Italian *Orators appeas'd by the Choice of* Trajano Boccalini *to be* Miguel Cervantes's *Aſſociate. The Arrival of the* Moderns *within View of the* Ancients. *The Diſpoſition of the* Greek *and* Latin *Poetick Armies.* Corneille *puts his Army in Order of Battle over againſt the* Greeks; Taſſo *oppoſes his to the* Latins: *The* Greek *and* Latin *Orators united in one Body. The* Modern *follow their Example.*

VErmillion cheek'd *Aurora* had no ſooner began to caſt a warm Reflection on the Summit of *Parnaſſus*, but the *Ancients* more diligent than the *Moderns*, deſcended in good Order at the Head of their Troops. *Homer*, *Virgil*, and all the other Poetick

Chiefs having learnt by long Experience, that Mount *Parnassus* was a sterile Place, resolv'd to abandon it and march towards *Helicon*, there to render themselves Masters of the Fountain *Hyppocrene*, and Encamp along *Permessis*. They were sensible what Importance it was of, to deprive the *Moderns* of the Use of these Waters, for these, and the *Attick Salt* once intercepted, they would quickly be reduced to the last Extremities.

Demosthenes and *Cicero* agreed with *Virgil* and *Homer* in this Point, therefore all the Four Illustrious Chiefs began to March at the Head of their several Troops towards Mount *Helicon*.

The Armies were disposed in Four equal Columns, the Right was commanded by *Homer*, who led the first Body composed of *Grecian* Poets, cloath'd and arm'd after their own Country Fashion. *Virgil* march'd before the Second, which consisted of *Latin* Poets, arm'd and cloath'd after the *Roman* manner. *Demosthenes* brought up the *Grecian* Orators, who form'd the Third Column, and *Pericles* was on his Right. *Cicero*, who Commanded the Fourth, wherein were the *Latin* Orators, had this Day put on his Consular Habit, and caus'd the Ax and Bundle of Rods to be carried before him, believing this Magisterial Pomp would gain him more Respect amongst his Brother Orators.

The

The four Armies croſs'd the Plain in good Order, which lay between the Hills of *Parnaſſus* and *Helicon*; and being arrived at the foot of the Latter, all the Generals went to refreſh themſelves by Drinking the Waters of the Fountain *Hyppocrene*; after which *Homer* and *Virgil* left Parties to ſecure the Spring.

The *Muſes* hapned at that Inſtant to be upon the Mount, examining the new Poem, which had made ſo great a Noiſe in *Parnaſſus*, and each deliver'd her Sentiments according to the various Taſte ſhe had of the Beauties of the ſeveral Arts therein diſſerted on. When *Fame*, who is naturally inclined to enlarge on what ſhe hears, came to put 'em in apprehenſions, by telling 'em, they would ſhortly ſee the greateſt Battle that ever was fought, that the Ancient Poets and Orators were arrived at the foot of Mount *Helicon* with Four puiſſant Armies; that they had poſſeſs'd themſelves of the Fountain *Hippocrene*, that the *Moderns* would follow cloſe after with all their Power, and endeavour to force 'em thence: That Mount *Parnaſſus*, their Principal abode, was now going to be deſerted, and that their Empire was upon the Point of Ruine.

The *Muſes* little inured to the Dangers of War, apprehended the Diſorders it would cauſe, might render the Chiefs of one Party ſo hardy to make Attempts upon their Liberty.

And remembring *Pireneus*'s Deſign, they reſolv'd to retire to Mount *Olympus*, whence they might with Safety give *Apollo* notice of the great and inteſtine Wars amongſt his Subjects Wherefore uſing the ſame Wings that delivered 'em from the Violence of the K. of *Phocides*, they mounted into the Air, and flew overthe *Greek* and *Latin* Armies. who in vain eſſay'd to retain 'em in their Camps by Entreaties; each ſide apprehending they might be corrupted by conſiderable Preſents from the Enemy. This Suſpicion made *Homer* deſire *Virgil* to aſcend to the Top of *Helicon*, and obſerve their Flight; he excuſed the Trouble he gave him, by ſaying, he would willingly have ſhared it with him, but that he was not capable of deſcrying Material Objects. *Virgil* immediately gain'd the Summit and there found *Pegaſus*; who knowing him well, inſtead of the Curvets and Laſhings out he uſually makes, when the generality of Poets endeavour to approach him, ſuffer'd himſelf to be Mounted by *Virgil* with the ſame Eaſe *Alexander* managed *Bucephalus*.

Virgil making the beſt Advantage of *Pegaſus*'s aptneſs, ſpur'd him forward through the Air, in purſuit of the *Muſes* beyond Mount *Parnaſſus*; where he had the Satisfaction to ſee, that inſtead of ſtaying with the *Moderns*, they had paſs'd over 'em, and retired

retired to Mount *Olympus*. He obſerv'd, as he flew over *Parnaſſus*, what paſs'd there, and found, that *Lucan*, of all the *Ancients*, was left alone on that ſide of the Hill which they had quitted, whilſt the *Moderns* ſtill remain'd on their Side of the Mountain.

In fine, *Virgil* return'd with great Swiftneſs upon *Pegaſus* to the Camp of the *Ancients*, where he gave 'em an Account of what he had ſeen: The whole Army having given Proofs of their Satisfaction to find the *Muſes* had not ſided with their Enemies, diſpoſed themſelves in good Order to receive 'em.

The *Latins* paid *Virgil* more Reſpect than before, ſeeing *Pegaſus* ſo obedient to his Orders, and ſo uſefully employ'd for the Common Intereſt. *Virgil* took care to lead him out to Water at the Fountain *Hyppocrene*, than gave him time to refreſh himſelf after his Journey.

Mean while *Fame* perceiving the *Muſes* were gone, took her Flight likewiſe from Mount *Helicon* to *Parnaſſus*, to inform the *Moderns* what paſs'd amongſt the *Ancients*; ſhe found them mightily Surpriz'd, that the *Muſes* had paſs'd over their Heads, without ſo much as baiting one Moment at *Parnaſſus*: Nor was their uneaſineſs a little encreas'd, by perceiving *Virgil* follow'd after them on the Back of *Pegaſus*; which made *Lucan*, who

exceſſively envy'd his Glory, almoſt burſt with Malice.

But *Fame* acquainted 'em with the Reaſons of the *Muſes* Departure to *Olympus*, and that the *Greeks* and *Latins* were Encamp'd at the foot of Mount *Helicon*, where they had poſſeſs'd themſelves of the Fountain *Hyppocrene*, and one ſide of the River *Permeſſis*.

Alas! cry'd *Corneille* with a deep Sigh, I perceive their Deſign, they intend to reduce us by Thirſt, having deprived us of theſe Poetick Waters: But we muſt obviate this Miſchief, 'tis high Time to abandon this Barren Mountain, and march towards *Helicon*. We muſt poſſeſs our ſelves of the oppoſite Bank of *Permeſſis*, to divide at leaſt with the *Ancients* the Waters of that River. As for thoſe of *Hyppocrene*, which are the moſt delicious and admirable of any that belong to our Art; I perceive plainly, we ſhall have many a ſharp Engagement with the Enemy, before we ſhall force 'em to deſert them, or even oblige 'em to divide the Uſe of the Fountain with us. But my dear Fellow-Soldiers, added he, ſpeaking to all the Poets, Let us looſe no further Time, let us ſtifle all Domeſtick Broils, and private Jealouſies, let us generouſly Sacrifice 'em for the Publick Good, we may aſſume 'em again hereafter at our leiſure; but let us at preſent Rival each other

other in nothing but the Glory of ſignalizing the Hatred we bear to *Antiquity*.

Corneille's Diſcourſe being applauded by the whole Aſſembly, He and *Taſſo* made all the *Modern* Poets deſcend into the Plain. The two Poetick Armies march'd upon the ſame Line, the *French* on the Right, the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* on the Left: Thoſe of the *Orators* came behind 'em; but they were not ſo obedient to their Chiefs as the Former. The mean Opinion ſeveral *French Moderns* had of *Balſac*, made 'em ſubmit to him with great Reluctance, and their uneaſineſs ſeem'd to preſage ſome great Misfortune to their Party during the War. *Calprenede* could not brook to ſee him take the Upper-hand, and his Natural Pride gave him a ſtrong deſire to Affront his Collegue.

Nor were the *Italians* leſs jealous to ſee a *Spaniard* at their Head. A certain Critick amongſt 'em, who was known to be the famous *Caſtelvetro*, loudly declared, during the March, they were going to be diſhonour'd amongſt all Nations, and all Future Ages, ſince their Country was ſo deſtitute of an Orator Sublime and Eloquent enough to be their General, that they were obliged to acknowledge a Mean and Foreign Author of Comical Romance; that the *Latins* would have very good Reaſon to uſe them like Barbarians, and no longer acknowledge the

Italians for their Lawful Iſſue; whilſt not content to have corrupted the Language, they left 'em; they had not preſerved even any Turns of *Roman* Eloquence, and had ſo depraved their Taſte by the Converſe they held with the Barbarous Nations, after the ſundry Inroads of thoſe People into *Italy*, they had not been able to produce any thing excellent in its kind of this Nature; that inſtead of being moved with the real Beauties of Rhetoric, which conſiſted in lively and natural Deſcriptions of the Subjects treated of, they were amuſed with foreign Hyperboles and Metaphors, raviſh'd with Equivocations, Puns, Antitheſes, and ſuch like School-boys Diverſions, unworthy of a Nation ſo famous as theirs, and ſo far diſtant from the Majeſty of *Greek* and *Latin* Eloquence,. who had been ſo frightned ſhe had deſerted *Italy*, and retired to *France*, where ſhe began to find worthy Scholars, who profited by her Lectures, and hoped in Time to chaſe the ſame Barbarous Terms from thence, which formerly Reign'd there, and were ſtill ſo much admired in *Italy*, *Spain*, and the Nations of the North, great Adorers of the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Turns.

This Seditious Diſcourſe rais'd ſo great a Mutiny amongſt the *Italian* Orators, they declared they would not obey *Miguel de Cervantes*,

Cervantes, and demanded an Election for a Chief of their own Country. Upon this *Cervantes* made a Halt, and being a Perſon of Judgment, found the only way to reſtore good Order was, to demand himſelf an *Italian* Collegue, ſince the *French* had given *Balſac* one. Thus the *Italian* Criticks being ſuperior in Number, their Nation made Choice of *Trajano Boccalini*, who had acquired ſo great a Reputation amongſt them, and was then preſent at the Head of his *Raguagli di Parnaſſo*, divided into two Centuries whereof he had form'd two Companies of Ordinance, attended by the Fifty Chapters, which he call'd the *Aggiunta a Raguagli*, and his *Pietra del Paragone Politico*, which coſt him his Life, with ſome other Pieces. Him the *Italians* proclaim'd their Leader; and he placed himſelf at their Head on the Left of *Cervantes*; after which both Armies continued their March in the ſame Line, on the Left of the *French* Orators.

The *Moderns* being now arrived within ſight of Mount *Helicon*, near the Banks of *Permeſſis*, which parted them and the *Ancients*; *Corneille* and *Taſſo* advanced to take a View of the Enemies Camp, which they found diſpoſed in very good Order. The *Greek* Poets were in two Lines along the ſide of *Permeſſis*. In the Middle of the firſt Line were placed the *Illiads* and *Odyſſes* of *Homer*,

Homer, which compoſed two *Phalanges* after the *Macedonian* manner, numerous Bodies drawn up in Quadrangle, and here the General himſelf had choſen his Poſt to Fight in the middle of his Troops. On his Right in the ſame Line, he had placed the Tragedies of *Sophocles Euripides*, and other *Greek* Poets, who extended themſelves to the Brink of the Fountain *Hyppocrene*, at the foot of Mount *Helicon*; for he had given the Command of the Right Wing to thoſe two *Dramatick* Poets. The Left was compoſed of *Pindars* Odes, the Fragments of *Simonides*, *Bachilides*, *Alceus*, and ſome other *Greek* Lyricks; which Wing he committed to *Pindar's* Care.

In the firſt Line had *Homer* placed his Carriages loaden with *Attick Salt*, in the Interval between his *Illiads* and *Odyſſes*, to ſerve inſtead of Artillery againſt the *Moderns*.

Menander and *Ariſtophanes* commanded the Second Line, in the midſt whereof had *Homer* diſpoſed their Works. The Fragments of *Menander*, attended by thoſe of the New *Greek Comedians* were poſted on the Right; the Eleven Plays of *Ariſtophanes*, followed by ſome Fragments of *Ancient* Comedies on the Left.

Calimachus, *Sapho*, and *Anacreon* commanded the Right Wing of this Second Line, which conſiſted of their Fragments and other

other Tender Pieces, as well Amorous as Hymnes to *Bacchus*.

The Left, under *Theocritus*, was compoſed of his Works, with the Fragments of *Bion Moſchus*, and other Bucolick Poets.

The Army of the *Latin* Poets was in Batalia on the Left of the *Grecian*, upon the ſame Line. *Virgil* had poſted his *Eneids* in the midſt of the Front, and call'd them the firſt *Legion*; he deſigned to Fight in Perſon at the Head of theſe; and named the *Thebaides* of *Statius* the Second, which he diſpoſed on the Left of his own Poem, And *Statius* was to ſecond *Virgil* at the Head of this Epick.

The Command of his Right Wing he gave *Horace*, which was compoſed of all that Poets Works, as well *Lyricks* as *Satyrs*, with thoſe of *Perſius* and *Juvenal*, who were obliged to ſerve under him: But *Horace* had agreed with *Virgil*, that *Lucilius* ſhould divide the Command of the Wing with him; and placed his Fragments at the Head of *Perſius* and *Juvenal*'s Satyrs.

Ovid and *Tibullus* were choſen by *Virgil* to Command the Left of the firſt Line: which he formed of their Works, with thoſe of *Propertius*, who was declared their Lieutenant.

Virgil had placed thoſe Carriages of *Attick Salt*, he receiv'd from the *Greeks*, on the

the Right of the Front near *Horace*, who commanded there: And on the Left he had diſpoſed others Loaden with ſoft and paſſionate Thoughts, extracted from the beſt *Latin* Poets, to be at the diſpoſal of *Tibullus* and *Ovid*, who might make uſe of them upon Occaſion againſt the Enemy.

The Chief Command of the Second Line he gave *Terence*, of whoſe Works conſiſted the firſt *Legion* of it, compoſed of ſix Cohorts: But the ſecond *Legion* made of *Plautus*'s Works had twenty *Cohorts* in it, at whoſe Head he ſerved in the Quality of *Terences*'s Lieutenant.

The Right Wing of this Line *Virgil* committed to the Care of the Tragedian *Seneca*, who was mighty uneaſy to ſee *Terence* preferr'd before him: He could not refrain making his Complaints, and ſaying, The *Buskin* had always been prefer'd to the *Sock*. *Virgil* told him, his Aſſertion was true, but there was not now an equality of Merit between thoſe different kinds of Poetry; and that *Terence* being more excellent in the *Comick* way than *Seneca* in the *Tragick*, he had juſtly been prefer'd before him.

Catullus at the Head of all his Poems, was entruſted with the Command of the Left Wing, and *Marſhal* was detach'd from the Main-body, as had already been reſolv'd with his Epigrams, and poſted at the Extremity

tremity of the Left Wing, to skirmish with the *Italian* Poets.

Corneille and *Taſſo* finding the Enemies Army in ſo good Order, thought it convenient to imitate them. *Corneille*, who had the Chief Command amongſt the *Moderns*, reſolv'd to put his Army in Batalia, over againſt that of the *Greek* Poets: The Main Body of the Firſt Line he compoſed of his Tragedies, where he choſe to Fight in Perſon at their Head between *Cinna* and the *Horatii*.

He order'd *Voiture* and *Saraſin* to place their ſmall Poetick Works on either ſide his Tragedies; theſe he call'd his Veteran Horſe, and Commanded their Leaders at their Head to ſuſtain him, to be ready to receive and obey his Inſtructions. The Right Wing compoſed of *Brebeuf's* Tranſlation of *Pharſalia* was under his Conduct.

The Left conſiſting of *Malherb's* Odes, and other Poetick Pieces, was to receive Orders from him.

This Choice furniſh'd ſome *Modern* Malecontents with ſubject Matter for a Jeſt, who declared their Army being led only by *Norman* Generals, it would be much more for their Advantage * to go to Law with the *Greeks*, than engage them on the Subjects of Politeneſs and noble Invention.

* *The* Normans *are the moſt Litigious People in* France.

Corneille

Corneille gave *Moliere* the Command of the Second Line, where the *Comedies* of that Excellent Poet were ranged; which he called his Veteran Troops.

The Right Wing of this Line he gave the Countess of *Suze*, who took her Post at the Head of all her *Elegies*, joyn'd to the *Madrigals* of *Sabliere*, with other Tender and Amorous Pieces under his Command.

The Marquis of *Racan* had the Management of the Left, which was composed of his Pastorals, with some other Pieces of Countrey Strains and Gallantry.

After this disposition was made, the *French Epick* Poets sent an Address to *Corneille*, wherein they complain'd, That he had not given 'em any Post or Command amongst the *Moderns*. *Scudery*, who was their Deputy, told him plainly, He would consume the last drop of his Ink before he would suffer such an Affront: That he plainly perceiv'd the Hatred *Corneille* had shewn the *Epicks*, in preferring *Brebeuf* a Translator before them, was the Effect of that Resentment he always bore him, for having Written against his *Cid*; but he would have him take Notice, he had still many Criticisms in Reserve upon several of his Pieces; and if he could but find an Interpreter, to make himself understood by the *Ancients*, he should give them very welcome Intelligence.

This

This Diſcourſe, though diſreſpectful, nothing moved the General. I would, anſwer'd *Corneille*, imitate the Patience of *Agamemnon*; who endured the Injuries of *Achilles*.

This Compariſon pleas'd *Scudery*, who now began to be ſorry for what he had ſaid, grew milder, and reply'd, He deſired then *Corneille* would allow him the ſame Poſt *Achilles* enjoyed under *Agamennon*. Have but Patience, ſaid *Corneille*, and you ſhall be employed according to your ſeveral Talents: For you who are Author of *Alaric*, in reſpect to the fire of your Imagination, I make you Great Maſter of my Ordinance; and I would have you acquaint the other *Epic* Poets, your Brethren, who ſent you, that I have appointed them to guard the Carriages of my Army, loaden with Rhymes, Epithets, and the other Baggage always neceſſary in Poetry. That each may know his Poſt, I deſign *Des Mareſts* attended by his Poem on *Clovis*, ſhall take Care of ſeveral Waggons full of *Poetick Viſions*, like thoſe in his * Comedy: That *Saint Amand* with his *Moyſe Sauvé*, ſhall guard the Carriages of *Champaigne* and *Burgundy*, which have always inſpired him with Verſes, inſtead of the Waters of *Hyppocrene*; and that *Chapelain* with his *Pucelle*, ſhall Conduct ſeveral others loaden with Ice: For the Coldneſs of his Poem will keep it from melting, and this

* *He writ a Comedy called the* Viſionaries.

this Baggage will ſerve to cool the Bottles of Wine under *St. Amand*'s Charge.

The whole Army approved this excellent Order, and *Scudery* retired to acquaint his Brethren, that each might take the Poſt the General had appointed him.

Mean while *Taſſo* was employ'd in putting his Army in Order, over againſt that of the *Latins*; the Main-body was form'd of his Poem *Hieruſalema Liberata:* His Right Wing he compoſed of all the Dramatick Works of *Lopez de Vega*, under the Command of that *Spaniard* whom he made his firſt Lieutenant-General: And his Left conſiſted of his own Paſtoral *Amintas*, and *Guarini*'s *Paſter-fido*, whom he entruſted with the Care of that Wing.

The Conduct of the Second Line he gave *Marini* at the Head of his *Adonis*, with as ample Authority as he himſelf had over the Firſt, to qualifie his Grief for *Taſſo*'s being preferr'd before him to the Generalſhip of the *Italian* Poets: The Right Wing of this Line was commanded by *Taſſoni*, attended by his Comical Piece of *La Secchia Rapita*: and the Left by *Petrarch* with all his Sonnets and other Amorous Pieces.

He loaded ſeveral Carriages with Fancies of various kinds, and with Magic Enchantments, of great Uſe amongſt *Italian* Poets, and other *Moderns* of ill Taſte, whoſe Poems

Poems were as much infected by them as the Romances of Knight Errantry: These were reserved for *Arioſto* to command at the Head of his *Orlando Furioſo*, in caſe he ſhould return to ſerve amongſt the *Moderns*.

The *Modern* Orators likewiſe had detach'd *Balzac* and *Cervantes* their Generals to get Intelligence of the Enemy, who found the *Greeks* and *Latins* united in one Army, whoſe Main Body was form'd of *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*'s Orations: The former was on the Right, at the Head of his *Philippicks*, which he called the firſt *Phalanx*; he made Choice of *Plato* and *Xenophon* for his Lieutenant-Generals, to whom he gave the Command of the Right Wing, compoſed of his own Works, and thoſe of divers other *Grecian* Orators. *Cicero* too had placed himſelf before his *Philippicks*, on the Left of *Demoſthenes*, and call'd them his firſt *Legion*, in Complaiſance to the *Greek* Leader, whom he imitated in this Piece againſt *Anthony*, of the ſame Nature with that of *Demoſthenes* againſt *Philip* of *Macedonia*; not but *Cicero* had a greater Eſteem for his Oration againſt *Milo*; but deſigning to oblige the *Greeks*, he only made that his ſecond *Legion*. *Pliny* the Younger he entruſted with the Charge of the Left Wing, which conſiſted of his Panegy-

rick upon *Trajan*, having choſen him his Lieutenant General, in Preference to all the other *Latin* Orators.

Demoſthenes and *Cicero* made no ſecond Line, but contented themſelves with two Reſerved Bodies, to whom the Ammunition of the Army was Committed. That of the *Greeks* was Conducted by *Lucian* attended by his *Dialogues*, that of the *Latin* by *Quintilian* with his *Declamations* and *Oratorical Inſtitutions*.

Balſac and *Cervantes* having acquainted the *Moderns* with this Diſpoſition, they thought it proper to follow their Example, by joyning all their Forces in one Army too; the midſt whereof was compoſed of all *Balſac*'s Works, and *Calprenedes*'s *Romances*, on the Left was poſted *Don Quixot de la Mancha*. Theſe three Bodies were upon the ſame Line with their ſeveral Authors at their Heads. The Pleadings of the *French* Advocates formed the Right, and the Defender of *Jane Maillards* Cauſe, for the Reaſons already mentioned, as likewiſe for having been Inſtrumental in *Balſac*'s Choice, was intruſted by him with the Care of this Wing: And *Boccalin*, attended by all his Works, commanded the Right.

Balſac made Choice of *La Serre* to Command his Baggage, becauſe that Author always was a Paſſionate admirer of his Stile: His Carriages were loaden with quantities of high-flown Phraſes, ſtudied Periods, and ſententious Quotations, collected from his own Writings, and *La Serre's Galamatias*, containing fifty Volumes.

Miquel de Cervantes gave the like Office to *Quevedo*, whoſe *Viſions* with ſome of Mad *Spaniards*, compoſed the Baggage of this Army.

The Contents of the Fourth Book.

Arioſto *deſcends from the Moon with the Spirit of* Rolland. Homer *makes* Euſtachius *the Captain of his Guards, with whom he Reviews his* Illiads *and* Odyſſes. Euſtachius *ſhews him the Places the* Moderns *deſign to attack.* Camoes *demands leave alone to engage the* Ancients. *He charges* Homer. *The Succeſs of the Combat; his* Luziades *defeated by the* Illiads: Camoes *taken Priſoner by* Homer, *who uſes him as* Achilles *did the Body of* Hector. Corneille *ſends* Saraſin *to* Homer, *to demand* Camoes's *Liberty.* Homer's *Anſwer.* Lucan *perceiving a Body coming to join the Army from the Living, meets 'em, in order to be Choſen their General, but is defeated by one of the two Chiefs of that Party. He acquaints* Brebeuf *with their Arrival at* Parnaſſus.

THE Armies on both Sides were drawn up in this Order, and ready to engage, when a kind of flying Monſter deſcended from the Clouds. No Body could diſcern what it was: It had the Head, Fore Feet, the Wings and Feathers of a *Griphon*, its

its Tail and hinder Feet reſembled thoſe of a Horſe, and it was mounted by a Man. But after it approached the Army of the *Moderns* the *Italians* knew 'twas *Arioſto* upon his *Hyppogripho*, who came without doubt to bring them Intelligence. The ſtrangeneſs of the Thing moved the Curioſity of all Parties; and *Arioſto* had no ſooner deſcended into the Army of the *Italian* Poets, but he thus addreſſed himſelf to them with a Viol in his Hand: Behold here, ſaid he, the Spirit of my *Hero*, whom I have brought from the Moon, that I may make uſe of it for the Publick Good. You are not ignorant, added he, how great was the Valour of *Rolland*, and I deſign to ſnuff up all his Vigour contain'd in this Bottle, that I may be the fitter to command you, and I perſwade my ſelf, after ſuch an offer, you will not refuſe to obey me, and Caſhieer *Taſſo*, who poſſeſſes the Place due to my Merit. This new Viſion of *Arioſto* made the whole Army laugh. But *Taſſo* told him in a Commanding Tone, Drollery was not now the Buſineſs in hand, therefore he ſhould take Poſſeſſion with his Poem, of the Poſt allotted him, to guard the Baggage of the Army, on pain of being treated like a Rebel. *Arioſto* with great Reluctance obey'd, and found his long Voyage had done him no ſervice.

The *Ancients* who were poſſeſs'd of the Fountain *Hyppocrene*, and had the Advantage of the *Moderns*, thought it not their Buſineſs to attack them by open Force, but to fatigue and diſperſe their Army. Mean while, *Homer*, to prevent Surprize, becauſe his great Age had made him Blind, finding he had Occaſion for a Leader, was no ſooner Arrived at the foot of Mount *Helicon*, but he deſired *Demoſthenes* would ſend him *Euſtachius* the Ancient *Greek* Author, who had made ſuch excellent Remarks upon his *Illiads* and *Odyſſes*. *Demoſthenes* having found him in his Rear, amongſt the Orators, ſoon ſent him to *Homer*, who upon his Arrival moſt kindly embraced him. 'Tis you, my Dear *Euſtachius*, ſaid he, who have defended me with ſo much Worth and Generoſity againſt all my Enemies, to you therefore I commit the Care of my Perſon and my Works, deſiring you would pleaſe to be Captain of my Guards. *Euſtachius*, though he was Biſhop of *Theſſalonica*, a Profeſſion almoſt incompatible with Arms, thought he might accept the Employ in a Poetick War, where there would be no Effuſion of Blood, without tranſgreſſing his Orders. Wherefore having thanked *Homer* for the Truſt he repoſed in him, he aſcended his Chariot, the Conduct whereof he undertook; having firſt arm'd

himſelf

himſelf at all Points, that he might be able to Repulſe the * *Homeromaſticks.*

* *A Name given thoſe that Criticiſe upon* Homer.

Homer deſired he would, with him, Review the *Phalanges* of his *Illiads* and *Odyſſes.* Beginning with the Former, I am adviſed, ſaid he, the *Moderns* deſign to Attack my *Illiads* by the way of *Achilles*'s Buckler, and deſtroy ſome part of that which I cauſed to be Engraven with ſo much Care, even by the Hand of *Vulcan.* It will grieve me ſenſibly, to have ſo beautiful a Work defaced; therefore I conjure you, my Dear *Euſtachius*, take Care to defend it againſt the Efforts of theſe *Barbarians.*

Such was the Language he gave the *Moderns*, out of Indignation, becauſe they deſigned to deſtroy one of the moſt admired Peices of Antiquity. But *Euſtachius* comforted him, by engaging all their Shot would only ſerve to Poliſh that Impenetrable Shield; and that he might ſafely depend on him for its Preſervation.

After this they Review'd the other *Phalanx* of the *Odyſſes:* Behold, ſaid *Homer*, making him obſerve his Deſcription of *Alcinous*'s Garden, where the *Moderns* mean to Charge this Body, They deſign to overthrow it with the Deſcription of the Gardens of the greateſt and moſt Magnificent of Monarchs, under whom they have had the Advantage to live, without conſidering it,

would have been ridiculous to have given such to so petty a Prince as the King of * *Pheaces.*

* Or Corfu, this King entertain'd Ulysses.

We know very well, reply'd *Eustachius*, how to make the necessary Distinctions between the Greatness of the Master, and the Capacity of his Work-men; and to let them know, that a Landskip by the excellency of the Painter, may surpass the Description of the most Magnificent Palaces done by a less skilful Hand.

So soon as the Army of the *Moderns* was Ranged in Batalia, over against that of the *Ancients*, *Camoes* attended by some *Portuguese* Posts, presented himself before *Corneille*, at the Head of his Epick *Luziades*. I am come, said he, to perform my Promise of defeating *Homer*, and all the *Ancient* Poets. Wherefore I desire I may Command the Van of the Army, and alone attack the Enemy, without any Persons medling to sustain me: For I design to admit no Partners in the Glory of this Exploit.

Corneille readily granted his Demands, tho' he was assured before-hand of the ill Success which must necessarily attend so rash an Enterprize. Thus *Camoes* beginning his March at the Head of his Heroick Poem, of his *Sylves*, and of her Pieces of the like Fashion, forded *Permessis* where the Waters were shallow, and fell upon the *Illiads*.

Homer

Homer was ſtrangely ſurprized at the Raſhneſs of this Poet, who charged him ſo vigorouſly. The *Illiads* receiv'd the firſt On-ſet without the leaſt Diſorder: But *Achilles*, *Ajax*, and *Diomedes* provoked, that *Camoes* ſhould dare to oppoſe his Roving *Portugueſe* Merchants to them, ſet upon them with ſuch Fury, they ſoon put the *Luziades* in Diſorder: However the Verſes of this Poem wanting not Courage, rallied, and return'd again to the Charge. But there hapned an unfortunate Diviſion among them upon this Score; it ſeems the *Portugueſe* had imprudently mixed falſe Deities, Angels, and Devils all-together in his Works; the Fabulous Gods ſoon left the Poem; for *Mars* and *Venus* remembring *Diomede* had Wounded *Dieties* at the Siege of *Troy*, by that doleful Token were apprehenſive of the like Treatment from theſe *God-wounding* Heroes; therefore retreated out of Danger, attended by all the other Gods that were cited by the *Luziades*.

This Flight, together with the ill Government of the Poem, occaſioned its total Defeat, notwithſtanding the brave Reſiſtance it made, being ſuſtain'd by ſprightlineſs of Fancy, force of Thoughts, and abundance of Poetick Fictions.

After this Defeat *Camoes* fled before *Homer*, and Thrice made the Tour of the *Grecian* Camp,

Camp, as *Hector* had Thrice fled round about the Walls of *Troy* before *Achilles*. But *Homer*, who was always Conducted by *Euſtachius*, having met and overthrown *Camoes*, bound him by the Legs to the hinder part of his Chariot and drag'd him in Triumph round the Camp, reſolving to uſe the Unfortunate *Portugueſe* every Day as *Achilles* had done the Body of *Hector*; and to render the Reſemblance between his and *Hectors* Adventure compleat, the Fabulous Gods cited by *Camoes* in his Poem, ſuſtained his Body in the Air whilſt dragg'd by *Homer*, as they had formerly done *Hectors* upon the like Occaſion, to the intent it might neither be Bruiſed nor Sullied by the Motion.

Corneille beheld the Defeat and Taking of *Camoes*, without moving to his Aſſiſtance; and he Commanded the whole Army to continue in their Poſts, becauſe he was not for hazarding a general Battle. But perceiving how *Homer* dragged the Body of this unfortunate Bard his Allie, he diſpatch'd *Saraſin*, who underſtood *Greek*, to their Army, to demand his Freedom from *Homer*. *Saraſin* having paſs'd the River, made a Signal whereby they underſtood he had ſome Propoſals to make; wherefore *Euſtachius* was ſent to Receive and Conduct him to an Audience from *Homer*.

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious *Meleſigenes*, ſaid *Saraſin*, ſince Civility was never baniſh'd by Generous Foes, the Great *Corneille*, my General, hopes you will not refuſe the Demands he makes you, by me his Deputy, That you would have pity on the unfortunate *Portugueſe* Poet, conſidering he has already receiv'd ſufficient Puniſhment for his Raſhneſs in venturing alone to Attack you, from the Defeat; and you will gain more Glory by ſetting him Free, than treating him after ſuch a Manner.

If your General, replyed *Homer*, would obtain the Priſoners Freedom, let him not diſdain to follow *Priam*'s Example upon the like Occaſion; who came in Perſon into the *Grecian* Camp, to demand his *Hectors* Body, from *Achilles*: If *Corneille* knew not this before, he may read my *Illiads* and be better inform'd, and you who underſtand *Greek* may be his Interpreter.

After this rough Anſwer *Homer* commanded *Euſtachius* to Conduct *Saraſin* with a Guard to the Banks of *Permeſſis*, and there attend till he ſhould have paſs'd the River, that he might not have an Opportunity of remarking what paſt in the Camp.

Mean while *Lucan*, who was not a little uneaſy to find himſelf, of all the *Antients*, left alone upon the Summit of *Parnaſſus*, deſcry'd in the Plain Two Flying Camps that came

came from the Living; whereupon he resolved to Descend from the Mount, attended by his *Pharsalia*, to make himself known to these two Bodies, designing to join them with his Poem, and make them subservient to his Designs during the War: For the Natural Vanity of his * Nation, had perswaded him these two Bodies, which March'd towards *Parnassus*, would gladly acknowledge him for their General.

* *Lucan* was a *Spaniard* born at *Cordova*.

Big with this Opinion, he left the higher Ground, and Marched at the Head of his Ten Books of *Pharsalia*, to meet these Troops, who likewise advanced towards him. When they arrived within Bow-shot, *Lucan* perceived they were Commanded by two of the greatest Poets amongst the Living: Both were armed half *Greek* half *Latin*, though *French* by Nation. One was followed by about Twenty Thousand Verses, divided into Twenty *Dramatick* Poems, Ten whereof were *Tragedies*, Ten *Comedies*. † The other March'd at the Head of his *Poetick Art* in four Cantoes, follow'd by an *Heroick* Poem, a *Comick* one in ten Cantoes; nine Satyrs, nine Epistles, and a Discourse upon Verse: All these Troops were well Cloath'd, Arm'd, and March'd in excellent Order.

† *Monsieur* Boileau.

Lucan approaching one of these Chiefs with a fierce Countenance, thus addres's'd him;

him; Is it thou then raſh Mortal, who waſt ſo hardy to rally the greateſt Poet of thy Nation, for having preferr'd me to *Virgil*, and taken ſuch Pains to inrich his Works with my ſprightly Thoughts?

And is it Thou then, replied the *Modern* Poet, with equal fierceneſs, who waſt ſo hardy to pretend the Bombaſt of thy Verſes, was comparable to the ſolid Grandure of *Virgil*'s, who didſt hope to blind Poſterity with the falſe ſparklings of a few Sententious Lines, and Maxims, frequently miſtaken and ill placed? And is it thou, added he, who was ſo Laviſh in thy exceſſive Praiſe of *Nero*, the abominable *Nero?* Was it thou who was not content to have aver'd the Blood ſpilt in *Pharſalia*, and all the *Roman* Civil Wars, that all the Cruelties, all the Crimes committed during thoſe Licentious Days were over-pay'd, becauſe they had given *Rome* the moſt wicked and extravagant of Men for an *Emperor*; has ranged him amongſt the Gods; telling him with ſottiſh and unheard of Flattery, he need only chooſe what God he would be; for none of the Celeſtial Choire would refuſe to make Room for him.

At that *Lucan* thinking to frighten the *Modern* Poet, made all the dreadful *African* Serpents he has deſcribed in his *Pharaſalia*, advance: But the *Modern*, like another *Hercules*,

cules, in a Moment, defeated all *Lucan*'s imaginary Monſters, by comparing them to Spectres, which ſometimes appear to Men whoſe Veins are diſturb'd by a Feaver, rather than the Product of a ſound Poets Imagination: Whereupon *Lucan* caus'd his Magician *Erictho* to move forward with all his Herbs drenched in the Moiſture of the Moon, whom he obliged to deſcend for that purpoſe, attended with all his tedious Invocations, and the long Deſcription he had made of the Prodigies attributed to this Conjurer. This Deſcription made the *Modern* Yawn, he quickly Routed it with all its Equippage; but being weary of defeating the Poem by Retail, he attack'd the whole Ordinance of *Pharſalia* together, and made *Lucan* perceive by ſeveral Strokes drawn from the third Canto of his *Art Poetick*, that he had broke the Principal Rules of *Epick Poetry*; and that inſtead of an Heroick Poem, he had only made a Scurvy Hiſtory ſtuff'd with abſurd Fables, and ill Invented Fictions. *Lucan* in vain endeavoured to defend himſelf by the Loftineſs of his Thoughts, his Politick Maxims, and the Pompous ſound of his Verſe: For he was obliged to retire before the *Modern*, who drove him even to the foot of Mount *Parnaſſus*.

This

This Defeat ſo confounded *Lucan*, he ſought ſhelter in the Cliffes of the Mountain, whence he diſpatch'd an Eagle, he had prepared for ſuch uſes, with Letters tyed to his Neck to *Brebeuf*; wherein he acquainted his Tranſlator with the Arrival of theſe two *Modern* Poets at *Parnaſſus*, and that there was no Room to doubt but they would join the *Ancients*.

Brebeuf had no ſooner receiv'd this Advice, but he gave the General *Corneille* an Account of it. I foreſaw long ago, anſwered he, theſe two *Moderns* would declare for our Enemies. * One of them was ſo bold to divide the Glory of the *French* Theater with me, and the † other has been ſo hardy to Cenſure ſome of my Works: He has divided me into Three Ages, makes Three different Poets of me, and declares, he only Eſteems the Middle-aged *Corneille*. But ſince we have Notice of their March, we ought to prevent their Junction; let us immediately give the *Ancients* Battle, before they ſhall have receiv'd ſuch conſiderable Reinforcements; let us either Conquer or Periſh, before the Arrival of theſe Two Leaders.

* *Monſieur*

† Boileau.

This Reſolution was approved by all the *Modern* Chiefs, each took his Poſt at the Head of his Body, and put himſelf in Order to March againſt the Enemy.

The

The Contents of the Fifth Book.

The Battle of Helicon. Corneille *charges the* Greek Tragick *Poets. His first Pieces are defeated by* Sophocles, *his Latter disorder'd by* Euripides; *but his Middle Works Repulse the* Greeks, *and Possess themselves of half the Fountain* Hyppocrene. *The Defeat of* Brebeuf's Pharasalia *by the* Odysses. *The Rout of* Malherb *by* Pindar. *A Conference between* Moliere, Menander *and* Aristophanes. *The Combat between the Marquiss of* Racan *and* Theocritus. *Another between* Sapho *and the Countess of* Suze. Tasso *defeated by* Virgil. Statius *by* Marini. *The Combat of* Lopez de Vega *and* Seneca *the* Tragedian. *Another of* Petrareh *and* Guarini, *with* Ovid *and* Tibullus. Voiture *and* Sarasin *sustain the* Italians, *they Defeat* Martial. Tassoni's *Declaration in favour of* Horace. Molier's *Interview with* Terence *and* Plautus. *Their Discourse. The Defeat of* Balsac *by* Demosthenes. *The* French Advocates *Routed by* Cicero. Plato *ill used by* Boccalin. *The* Modern Orators *Baggage Taken and Rifled by* Lucian *and* Quintilian.

THE Captain-General *Corneille* finding the Waters of *Permessis* were shallow near

near this Source, passed them the first Place they were Fordable at, and was followed by all the *Moderns*, except Three *French Epick* Poets, whom he had appointed to Guard the Baggage of the Army: For these he ordered to stay with their Poems on the other side the River for that purpose.

The *Ancients* did not think it convenient to dispute the Passage of *Permessus* with the *Moderns*, designing only to put themselves in good Order to receive them, in case they should be attacked. *Homer* fancied at first *Corneille* was coming to him, but he perceiv'd so soon as he had pass'd the River, he Marched at the Head of all his *Dramatick* Pieces towards the Fountain *Hyppocrene*, which was guarded by the *Greek Tragedians*. *Corneille* charged them with great Vigour; and they returned his Efforts with equal Fury. The Dispute was long and obstinate; at length *Sophocles* and *Euripides* dividing their Forces, one to the Right, the other to the Left; at the same Instant attack'd both *Corneille*'s Wings, which consisted of his First and Last Works. *Sophocles* follow'd by his Seven *Tragedies*, broke the Foremost, and disorder'd *La Melite*, *Clitandre*, *La Veuve*, *La Galene Du Palais*, *La Suivante*, *La Place Royale*, *Medéa*, and the *Illusion*.

The *Cid*, who was the first of the Middle Pieces posted that way, put a stop to *Sophocles*

cles's Career. Mean while, *Euripides*, at the Head of Nine *Tragedies*, had put the other Wing in Diſorder, not without conſiderable Reſiſtance. The *Cid* and *Horatii*, ſuſtained by Four Heroins, *Cinna's Emilia*, *Pompey's Cornelia*, *Polieuctes's Paulinâ*, and *Rodoguna*, in their Turn repelled the *Greeks*, broke them, and maugre all Oppoſition; poſſeſſed themſelves of the Banks of one Moiety of *Hyppocrene*; where they ſo ſtrongly entrenched themſelves, the *Ancients* were not able to diſlodge them. The greateſt part of *Corneille's* Works, which had been Beaten back by *Euripides*, by this Time had Rallied, and bravely ſuſtain'd the Attack of his Six firſt Pieces: *Oedipus*, *Sophonisba*, *Nicomedes*, *Sertorius*, *Otho*, and *Surena*, ſignaliz'd their Courage upon this Occaſion, and poſted themſelves behind thoſe who had already gain'd the Brink of the Fountain *Theodore*, *Don Sanche d' Aragon*, *Pertarite*, *Attila*, and ſome other of his lateſt Plays, met with ill Treatment during the Charge, yet returned again to the Combat. But the firſt which had been Defeated by *Sophocles*, fled behind Mount *Helicon*, nor were *Corneille's* utmoſt Efforts ſufficient to bring them back again.

The gaining half the Waters of *Hyppocrene*, by the Valour of *Corneille's* Works, encouraged the *Modern* Party, and inſpired

Brebeuf

Brebeuf with the Boldneſs to Attack the *Odyſſes*, with his Verſion of the *Pharſalia*, which he believ'd a more feaſible Conqueſt than that of the *Iliads*. But *Homer* having with great Unconcern Defeated him at the very firſt Shock, uſed him as *Ulyſſes* did *Penelope*'s Lovers, who were grown Fat at other Peoples coſt.

Scudery had a great Inclination to have attacked the *Iliads* at the ſame Inſtant with his *Alaric*, whilſt *Brebeuf* Charged the *Odyſſes*. But dreading *Camoes*'s Fate, by his Misfortune he grew Wiſe, and contented himſelf to diſcharge his Artillery, filled with Quantities of *Catacreſis*'s, *Hyperboles*, and other furious Figures in the ſhape of Bombs and Carcaſſes, againſt *Homer*'s two *Phalanges*. But *Scudery* being no good Marks-man, his Shot flew over the *Greek* Army, without doing any Execution.

Next *Malherb* advanced at the Head of his Odes towards *Pindar*, and was ſo hardy to defie him to the Combat: But he was ſoon diſorder'd by the Force, Vehemence, Loftineſs of Thought, and the Harmony of the *Greek* Poets Verſes, who drove him back to the Banks of *Permeſſis*.

Corneille ſeeing his Two Lieutenant-Generals Defeated, diſpatch'd Orders immediately for *Voiture* and *Saraſin* to make the Second Line move forwards, and Engage that of the *Greeks*.

Moliere, who commanded this Line, advanced with all his Plays againſt *Menander* and *Ariſtophanes*: But theſe Three Illuſtrious Chiefs being met, inſtead of Fighting, embraced, at the Head of their Works, gave each other reciprocal Praiſes, and agreed, it was a great Misfortune to the Living, that they could not return to the World, and amuſe them with the Repreſentation of this *Poetick War* upon the Theater, ſince they had often ſhewn them leſs diverting Pieces.

Mean while, the Marquis of *Racan* followed by all his *Paſtorals*, moved towards *Theocritus*, whom he charged with Vigour: The *Greek* could not oblige him to Retreat, ſo the Glory of the Day remained equal between them.

The Counteſs of *Suſe*, accompanied with *Sabliere*, engaged *Sapho* the *Lesbian*, *Callimachus* and *Anacreon* with the like Bravery, and the Succeſs of the Combat was the ſame.

Taſſo, who had paſſed the River at the ſame Time with *Corneille*, preſented himſelf in Order at the Head of his *Hieruſalema Liberata* before the *Eneids*, deſigning to give them Battle. Behold, ſaid *Virgil*, a new *Turnus*, and without tarrying any longer, immediately engaged *Taſſo*'s Poem with great Numbers of his noble Fictions; who would have oppoſed them with his Magick Enchantments,

chantments, but they were quickly obliged to vaniſh, like imperfect Dreams, and their Flight put the whole *Hieruſalema Liberata*, which was adorn'd with them in many Places, in Diſorder. Theſe Vacancies gave *Virgil* Opportunity to fall in with his *Eneids*, and cut many unjuſt Thoughts, and falſe Brilliants to pieces, which he found in the Ranks of the *Italian* Poet. So great a Terror did the Majeſty of *Virgil*'s Verſe ſtrike into their *Enemies*, that Eight of *Taſſo*'s were not able to maintain their Ground againſt a ſingle One of that Latin Poet. Thus *Taſſo* being Deſerted by all his Followers, was overthrown by *Virgil*, as *Turnus* had formerly been by *Æneas*. But *Virgil* was more generous than his Hero, who refuſed to grant *Turnus* Quarter, though he demanded it of him, in a very Humble manner. *Æneas* indeed had Reaſons not to ſpare him, becauſe he ſaw him adorned with his Friend *Pallas*'s Belt. But *Virgil* not finding *Taſſo* armed with the Spoils of any of his Friends, pardon'd his Life, upon Condition, he ſhould ever own the *Eneids* far excelled his *Hieruſalema*, and no longer Pride himſelf upon the Opinion of his Country-men, or any other *Moderns* of ſo depraved Taſte, as to compare him to *Virgil*.

The Cavalier *Marini* ſeeing *Taſſo* cut to pieces by *Virgil*, advanced with his *Adonis*

towards the Enemies Firſt Line, and Challenged *Statius*, who came to meet him at the Head of his *Thebaides* and *Achilleides*. The Combat was ſharp, but the *Italian*, who was not encumber'd with the Baggage of Enchantments, and was ſuſtained by a vaſt fertility of Genius upon all Subjects, at length forced *Statius* to Retreat; after having routed ſeveral worthleſs Thoughts in theſe Two Poems, like thoſe of *Taſſo*'s *Hieruſalema*, which had met the ſame Fate from *Virgil*'s Hands.

Marini's Succeſs encouraged the *Moderns* Second Army; wherefore *Lopez de Vega* Marching forward with all his Plays, invited the *Tragedian Seneca* to the Combat. This *Latin* Poet, who was born in *Spain*, as well as *Lopez de Vega*, told him, he was Foolhardy: Upon which, without making any Reply, *Lopez* fell upon him with his Twenty Volumes, each containing Twelve Pieces. *Seneca*'s Ten *Tragedies* were quickly diſorder'd by *Lopez*'s ſuperior Numbers: However, wanting not Courage, and being all over Poinant with Sentences and noble Thoughts, they flung themſelves with great Fury upon the Enemy, and having broke their Diſpoſition, put them into Confuſion. Thus the Troops of both Parties being mingled together, Fought without the leaſt Order, and their Two Authors, who had more

Fancy

Fancy than Judgment, increaſed the Confuſion. In fine, all their Pieces were wounded, and almoſt intirely Defeated, yet no Body could diſcern, whether had the Advantage: And in this manner the Action continued till Night parted them. But both theſe Leaders being Bragadocos, each attributed the Victory to himſelf.

Mean while *Petrarch* advanced between *Amintas* and *Paſtor-fido*, to ſuſtain the Right Wing, commanded by *Guarini*, and poſted himſelf over againſt *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, who order'd *Catullus* to Advance between 'em. Thus March'd theſe Three *Latin* Poets in the ſame Front againſt the *Italians*, and made ſeveral Diſcharges of the moſt Tender and Paſſionate Sentiments, wherewith they were well provided: Which *Petrarch*, by the Aſſiſtance of *Amintas* and *Paſtor-fido*, ſo well returned, that the Softneſs of each Party was equal; and neither obtaining an Advantage over the other, they parted with a mutual Eſteem for the Beauties of each others Works, and the Delicacy of their Thoughts.

Taſſo's Defeat had ſo frightned him, he believed his Party intirely loſt, and had immediately ſent to *Corneille* to pray Aſſiſtance againſt the *Latins*. *Voiture* and *Saraſin*, who were preſent when the Meſſage came, offer'd their Service to relieve thoſe *Italian* Poets

they had an Esteem for; wherefore *Cornille* detached them at the Head of their Works. They Arrived at the *Italian* Army after the Engagement of *Petrarch* and *Guarini* with *Ovid*, *Tibullus*, and *Catullus*; when perceiving *Marshal* in the Left Wing skirmishing with *Ariosto*, and some other *Italians*, with Clinches and *Concetti*, which they discharged on both Sides without any Effect. They desired *Ariosto* would please to let them Advance nearer the Enemy, and *Voiture* followed by his Stanza's, Ballads, and a few Madrigals: *Saraſin*, by his Poem of the Defeat of *Bouts-rimez*, fell with such Fury upon *Marshal's Epigrams*, that they cut almost all those Points to pieces, wherewith the Poet seem'd inviron'd like a Porcupin. But the greatest part of them were so feeble, they made but small Resistance against these Two *French* Poets, who had already made themselves Famous by the Defeat of *Du Lot* and *Neuf-Germain*. Some of *Marshal's* Epigrams indeed fought bravely, but the greatest part being form'd only of *Clinches* and *Equivocations*, were not able to prevent his being Defeated, even in the Presence of the *Latins*, part whereof had before always held him Invincible. It must be confess'd the *Greek* Allies were not of the same Opinion, for they always much distrusted the Authors of such little Thoughts, which turned upon the Sound

Sound or Double-meaning of words, with whom *Virgil* and *Horace* agreed. However *Marſhal* had acquired great Reputation amongſt all the Poets after *Auguſtus*'s Time, and no leſs delicate Genius's than *Voiture* and *Saraſin* would have been able to have deſtroyed the Character he had uſurp'd amongſt the *Moderns*.

Horace finding no Competitor, remained Maſter of the Field, without ever venturing a Combat. *Taſſoni* indeed advanced towards him, but with a Deſign to pay him Homage as his Maſter, and to acknowledge, that he was obliged to him for the Reputation he had acquired amongſt the *Moderns*; for he had learnt from the Reading of his Works, that diverting and ingenious Raillery in his Poem of *La Secchia Rapita*; That this ill-grounded Enterprize of the *Moderns* had always been againſt his Judgment; nor had he followed them in this War, where they were ſo preſumptuous to diſpute the Preference with the *Ancients*, but with a deſign to make ſolemn Confeſſion between *Horace*'s Hands, that he was the Prince of *Satyrick* Poets.

Horace kindly embraced him, and ſhew'd great marks of Eſteem for his Poem, which he declared to be an Original, and the moſt perfect in its kind of any Thing his Nation had produced. After this *Taſſoni* told

Horace,

Horace, ſince he had ſo great a Number of Admirers amongſt the *Moderns*, it was to be wiſhed he would employ his Credit to reconcile both Parties; which he readily promiſed to do, ſaying, they Two might confer about the Means.

Terence and *Plautus* finding no Body to oppoſe them, nor even to Diſcourſe with, about their Art amongſt the *Italians*, March-ed towards the *French* Army, vvhere they met with *Moliere*, who after he had paid his Compliments to *Menander* and *Ariſtophanes*, vvas coming to them: Accoſting them with a cheerful Air, he return'd the Two *Latins* a thouſand Thanks for the Obligations they had laid upon him, by furniſhing him with the moſt Beautiful Subjects for his Plays. We are no leſs obliged to you, reply'd *Terence*, for having taught us to ſpeak *French* ſo well, and making us known to ſo polite a Nation as yours. You not content to have imitated us, have frequently ſurpaſs'd what we have done, by adding to ſome of our Ideas admirable Deſcriptions of the Manners of your Times. I knovv not, added *Terence*, hovv to praiſe you according to your Merit, for having ſo much improved the Subject of my *Adelphi*, in that Comedy which you made upon the ſame Model, under the Title of *L'Ecole des Maris*. You have only ſprinkled your other Pieces here

here and there with a ſingle Character of Mine, and a few Thoughts extracted from my other Comedies; which you have done ſo Artificially, that the Copy has often ſurpaſſed the Original; and you have render'd your ſelf Inimitable by Four excellent Originals; the *Miſantrope*, *Temmes Scavant*, *Tartuffe*, and *L'Ecole de Femes*.

Thus ended *Terence*, when *Plautus* continuing the Diſcourſe: Nor am I leſs obliged to you, ſaid he, for the Honour you have done me, in Tranſlating my *Avarus* and *Amphitrion*, and for having taken in your other Works ſeveral Hints of mine: By this you have demonſtrated, you have no leſs Eſteem for me than *Terence*, who by Intereſt has gain'd the Preference to me amongſt the Ancients.

Plautus's Complaint provok'd *Terence*: Inſolence, ſaid he, i'll teach you to obſerve the Reſpect due to my Character. To which *Plautus* having made a brisk Reply, There had certainly hapned a furious Combat between them, but that *Moliere* interpoſed. Alaſs, Gentlemen, my Maſters, ſaid he, what are you doing? you are going to make the *Moderns* Diverſion, very different from that you gave them formerly: For whereas your Plays have pleaſed your Auditors, at the Expence of Sots and Coxcombs, your Combat will afford the World ſufficient Cauſe to

Laugh

Laugh at you. Take my Advice then, my Illuſtrious Predeceſſors, leave theſe kinds of Duels and Diſputes about the Preference to Serious and Melancholy Poets; and if we would ſurpaſs thoſe of our own Kind, let it be only in good Words, pleaſant Fancies, lively and natural Deſcriptions of others Follies, without medling with our own.

This Diſcourſe made *Terence* and *Plautus* Laugh, who perceiving the *Modern* was capable of giving them good Counſel, reſolv'd to make their Advantage of it.

Whilſt the *Poetick* Armies were thus engaged, that of the Orators was not Idle. *Balſac*, *Calprenede*, *Cervantes*, and *Boccalin*, had paſſed the River with all their Forces. *Balſac*, as Commander in Chief, preſented himſelf before *Demoſthenes*, who thus, by way of Raillery, addreſs'd him: I hope, ſaid the *Greek* General, you will have the Goodneſs to ſpare me, and not employ your utmoſt Force: I know you are too generous, not to have regard to my great Age; you will conſider my Works are grown Old, as well as I, and have not the Graces of Novelty like yours, and your Brother *Moderns*.

Balſac puff'd with this Diſcourſe, which he took in good Earneſt; really believed *Demoſthenes* was affraid of the great Name, which he fancied his Works had acquired him:

him: I always, replied he, with a Grave and Serious Air, was a most zealous Partisan of sound *Antiquity*, my Works are illustrious and undeniable Proofs of it; but now the Common Cause lies at Stake; I must so behave my self as to Answer the Expectation of all the Authors, my Country-men, who have reposed the Care of their Glory on me. In fine, I must maintain the lofty Ideas the *Moderns* have of my Eloquence; the Eyes of the Universe are Intent upon the decision of this War: And since the Sun first began to enlighten the World, I never was there a more Famous or Important one: For this is to decide the Empire of Eloquence between the *French* and *Grecians*; this is to teach Posterity, which are the Models they should imitate. Let us loose no longer Time therefore, but begin the Combat, whose Success will Immortalize the Victor.

I perceive then, replied the *Greek Orator*, with a pleasant Tone, that I shall find in you a more dreadful Enemy than *Greece* did in *Philip*, and that I must employ more vigorous Efforts against you, to maintain the Interest of my Country, than I made use of against the King of *Macedonia*. However, in the mean while, till I shall have compleated my *Balsacicks*, let me try whether my *Philippicks* will be able to sustain

the

the Force of your Works. Then causing his Four *Philippicks* to advance, vvhose Eloquence had a force equal to that of Thunder; he powred them down upon *Balsac's* Troops, and broke them the very first Charge, without the least Difficulty; for they consisted only of pompous Heaps of Bombast Discourse, without the least Substance; whereas those of that *Greek Orator* were full of Noble and Lofty Thoughts, strong and lively Reasons.

The unfortunate *Balsac* finding himself thus Ill-treated, went to demand Assistance from *Calprenede*, who instead of granting it, jeer'd him, insulted his Disgrace, giving apparent Proofs of his Satisfaction for his Defeat.

Miguel de Cervantes too compared him to his Hero *Don Quixot de la Mancha*, who attack'd with the like Success the Master of the Galley-Slaves that were chain'd together, by whom he was soundly Drub'd; and for *Balsac's* Works, under whose Shelter he fancied himself Invincible, the *Spaniard* said they were like the Barbers Bason, which *Don Quixot* mistook for the *Helmet of Mambrino.*

Thus *Balsac* was pursued by *Demosthenes* to *Permessis*, and forced to fly cross the River with his Troops all Broken and Wounded, with the piercing Strokes they receiv'd

receiv'd during the Combat. *Demoſthenes*, after this Defeat, returned to his former Poſt, there to expect the other *Modern* Generals; who inſtead of Charging him, to Revenge the Defeat of their Collegue, ſent to Congratulate him upon the Victory he had obtained.

Mean time the Defender of *Jean Maillard's* Cauſe, followed by all the *French* Advocates, advanced againſt *Cicero*: Several of them being uſed to ſpeak in a Proverbial manner, declared, They knew no difference between one Advocate and another; and therefore were reſolv'd not to give *Cicero* Place, notwithſtanding his Conſular Habit, the Hatchet and Bundle of Rods that were carried before him. For the preſent Diſpute was not about the Conſulate, but Eloquence, and that there might be as much Art in proving the right Current of a Common-ſhoar, as pleading the Cauſe of *Deiotarus*.

Cicero provoked at the Compariſon, made Anſwer, there was as much difference between his Orations and their Pleadings, as the Subjects compared. And ſince he knew better than they how to plead the Cauſe of Crowned Heads, he ſhould not diſpute the Advantage they Gloried in, of having regulated the Conduit of Stinking Water; for he ſhould always believe that Subject

proportion'd to the Force and Excellency of their Art.

The Advocates enraged at this Reply, cryed out to the Defender of *Jean Maillard*'s Cauſe, to charge *Cicero* at the Head of his Pleadings, unleſs he would be degraded. Thus this unfortunate Chief was obliged by his Party to attack *Cicero*, who Cut all his Works to pieces with the ſame Eaſe a vigorous Faulcon devours the weak and fearful Partridge.

The bawling Lawyers that followed him, made ſo hideous a Noiſe after their Defeat, that the very Birds who flew over their Heads, drop'd down into the Field of Battle. *Cicero* fear'd the Drum of his Ears would have been Crack'd, and his Apprehenſions obliged him to clap both Hands to 'em, which for a while put a ſtop to the purſuit of his Victory. But at length being ſomething enured to the Howling, he went forward, Cut all the *French* Advocates to pieces, and drove them back to the Banks of *Permeſſis*, which they paſſed with great Precipitation and Diſorder, as *Balſac* had done before them, when Defeated and Purſued by *Demoſthenes*.

Pliny the Younger had no Occaſion to Fight, for he found no *Moderns* ſo hardy to Attack him, or Diſpute the Excellency of his *Panegyrick*.

Plato

Plato, whoſe being branded with the Name of *Tireſome*, in the Poem which gave Occaſion to this War, was ſo much the more offended, becauſe he knew in his Conſcience the Accuſation had a great deal of Truth in't. He therefore had a ſtrong Deſire to be Revenged of the *Moderns*, for having diſcovered a Truth ſo much to his Diſadvantage: He would have laid the Blame upon his Tranſlators, though it was not altogether their Fault; but having juſtly a good Opinion of his own Eloquence, he aſcrib'd to them alone the Oſcitation the Reading of one of his Dialogues in *French* cauſed in ſuch, who could not taſte the Beauties of the Original.

He made his Complaint to *Xenophon* his Collegue, who not having the ſame Accuſations laid to his Charge, did not think himſelf ſo nearly concerned in the Prejudice Tranſlators had done their Works. However *Plato* obliged him to advance with him to meet an *Italian* Author that came toward them. This Leader was *Boccalini*, who was followed by his *Raguagali di Parnaſſo*, and his *Pietra del Paragone Politico*: And ſince in the former of theſe Works he had treated of the Worth of Authors, he thought himſelf obliged to maintain what the *Modern* Poet had averr'd to the Diſcredit of *Plato*'s Dialogues, and he Charged him ſo vigorouſly, that notwithſtanding the Title of

Divine, wherewith Antiquity had honoured him, he was obliged to Retreat. But *Plato*, who wanted not Courage, Rallied ſeveral Times, and Intrench'd himſelf againſt the Violence of the *Moderns* Attack, behind the ſtrength of his Reaſons.

Xenophon thought his Honour was concern'd, to ſuſtain *Plato*, notwithſtanding the great Jealouſies that had always been between them, therefore made his *Cyripadia* come up, whilſt *Plato* diſpatched the like Orders to his *Republick*; but *Boccalini*, who was as good a *Politician* as *Orator*, vigorouſly repell'd theſe Works, uſing them like vain Ideas and impracticable Viſions, and had certainly gain'd an intire Victory over them, if *Xenophon* had not cauſed his *Retreat of Ten Thouſand* to Advance, which put a ſtop to *Boccalini*'s Career: Yet the *Italian* remaining Maſter of the Field, thought Victory had decided the Cauſe in his Favour.

Demoſthenes and *Cicero* finding the greateſt part of their Enemies Defeated, cauſed the Reſerved Bodies to Move forward, which were employed to guard the Baggage of the Armies, and order'd them to Attack the *Moderns* Carriages.

Lucian, at the Head of his Dialogues, fell immediately upon *Quevedo*'s *Viſions*, which he Cut to pieces, and Plundered his Waggons. *Quintilian* attack'd *La Serre* with the like

like Succeſs; and theſe Two Leaders return'd with the Spoils they had obtain'd to their Generals; who ordered the Works of *Quevedo* and *La Serre*, taken in the Battle ſhould make Fuel for a Bonfire at the Head of the Army, for Joy of the Victory they had obtain'd over the *Moderns*.

The Contents of the Sixth Book.

The Ancient *Poets hold a Council of War. They give Audience to a Deputy from the Two* Modern *Poets: And name Two Ambaſſadors to go to them. The* Moderns *hold a Council of War. They reſolve to Fortifie their Intrenchments at the Fountain* Hyppocrene. Voiture's *and* Saraſin's *Advice. The Author of the New Poem is introduced to an Audience amongſt the* Moderns. *He returns to the Living.* Voiture *and* Saraſin *go in a Diſguiſe into the* Greek *Camp. A Conference between* Demoſthenes *and* Cicero. *The like between* Plato *and* Xenophon. *The* Modern *Orators Council of War. A Proceſs made againſt* Calprenede. Miguel de Cervantes *prevents his Condemnation*

Balſac *propoſes ſending for Aid to the Living Orators.*

NIGHT, the Mother of Repoſe, having ſpread her Melancholy Vail, and confounded all Objects, obliged the Combatants on both Sides to give over Fighting. Each retired unto his former Poſt, and remained in the ſame Order he was in the Day before, except *Corneille*, who ſtayed with his *Dramatick* Pieces, Encamped and Entrenched along the Brink of the Fountain *Hyppocrene*; where the Generals of the *Ancient Poets* aſſembled all their Chiefs, to Conſult what Methods were to be taken for the Intereſt of their Party, after the various Succeſs of the Battel.

The *Ancient Poets* who attributed the Glory of the Victory to themſelves, were not a little mortified at the ſame Time, to behold *Corneille* poſſeſs'd of one half of the Waters of *Hyppocrene*; and wiſely judged, ſo long as he enjoyed the Benefit of the Fountain as well as they, their Deſign of reducing the *Moderns* by Thirſt would never ſucceed; they perceived likewiſe *Corneille* was ſo well Intrench'd on the Banks of the Fountain with his beſt Pieces, which had ſo bravely Repulſed thoſe of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, there was no Room to hope they ſhould be able to diſlodge him.

They

They were employed about theſe Reflexions whilſt a Meſſenger came to acquaint *Homer*, who jointly preſided with *Virgil* at the Council aſſembled, there was a Deputy from ſome *Moderns* amongſt the Living, who demanded an Audience. Let him enter, replied *Homer*, Whereupon came in a *Frenchman*, who by his continual Commerce with *Greek Authors* had acquired a perfect Knowledge of their Language: And addreſſing himſelf to *Homer*, he ſaid, I am come from the Two greateſt Poets amongſt the Living, who on Advice of ſome *Moderns* Raſhneſs, that have Revolted againſt you *Divine Homer*, who are their Lawful Prince, have ſent me to acquaint you they immediately took the Field at the Head of their Forces, to come and ſerve under your Orders, which they attend at *Parnaſſus*, whither they are Arrived upon this Deſign.

I have long ſince, replyed *Homer*, been acquainted with their Characters, have as tender an Affection for them, as for my own *Iliads* and *Odyſſes*, and I will look upon both as my Children: Wherefore I will depute a ſolemn Embaſſage to go Meet and Invite them to Joyn us. Then addreſſing himſelf to *Virgil*, I believe, ſays he, you will do the like in behalf of the *Latins*: *Virgil* readily agreed to the Motion; ſo *Euripides* and *Horace* were choſen Ambaſſadors Ex-

traordinary, in behalf of the *Greeks* and *Latins*, to attend these *Modern* Poets.

Corneille likewise resolv'd to assemble all the Chiefs of the *Modern* Poets to hold a great Council of War upon the present Posture of Affairs, he sent *Voiture* to *Tasso*, and all the Leaders of his Army, *Saraſin* to the *French* General Officers, with Orders to invite them to Join him on the Banks of the Fountain *Hyppocrene*, where he was well Intrench'd, they soon obey'd his Summons, and *Corneille* upon their Arrival Regaled them with the Waters of the Fountain, which they Drunk at Discretion.

These Waters heated their Fancy, and filled them with Poetick Raptures, which so far transported them as to Move in Council for a Second Battle with the *Ancients*. But *Corneille*, whose great Experience had render'd him more moderate, after having applauded their Courage and Zeal, told them, They had to deal with a powerful Enemy, therefore they ought to manage their Forces to the best Advantage, and put themselves in a Posture to defend the useful Post he had gain'd; that they ought to dispose themselves so as to be able to resist those new Efforts the *Ancients* would make to drive 'em thence, on the Arrival of the Two *Modern* Chiefs from the Living, who were upon their March to joyn them. And instead of hazarding

zarding a new Battle in the Night, in his Opinion they ſhould rather employ themſelves to fortifie their Trenches on the Banks of their Fountain.

This Advice being well approved, *Taſſo* offered his *Amintas* with the *Paſtor-fido* of *Guarini*; who had given Proofs of their Courage in the Battle, to ſuſtain *Corneille*'s Pieces, and help 'em to maintain their Lines. *Corneille* accepted the Proffer, and join'd 'em with the Works of *Voiture*, *Saraſin*, and a Detachment of the faireſt *Elegies* from the Counteſs of *Suſe*.

This Affair reſolved on, *Voiture* and *Saraſin* advancing towards *Corneille*, whiſper'd him in the Ear about a Project they had formed againſt the *Ancients*, and deſired his Judgment about it. The Deſign pleas'd him well, and to witneſs what Confidence he placed in every Chief that compoſed that Council, he acquainted them, That *Voiture* and *Saraſin*, whoſe Addreſs he was ſatisfied in, had offer'd to go into the *Grecian* Camp by the favour of the Night, and explore their Motions. And as *Ulyſſes* and *Diomedes* enter'd *Troy*, to Steal away the *Palladium* whereon the ſafety of the Town depended, ſo they deſigned to get in amongſt the *Iliads* of *Homer*, and thence convey the *Girdle of Venus*. You are well acquainted, my Lords, added *Corneille*, with the Charms of this

Girdle; and as the Beauties of theſe two Authors Works pretty near agree, pointing obligingly to *Voiture* and *Saraſin*, there is reaſon to hope, the Sympathy between 'em will facilitate the Means of Succeſs in this important Affair.

Every Leader applauding the noble Reſolution of *Voiture* and *Saraſin*, encouraged 'em to put it forthwith in Execution: But as they were leaving the Council to prepare for this Buſineſs, they met a Member of the *French* Academy, who demanded Audience from *Corneille*, wherewith they acquainted the General, who order'd he ſhould have Admittance. He was ſoon known to be the Author of the Poem which occaſioned this War; wherefore *Corneille*, and all the *Modern* Chiefs received him with great Demonſtrations of Joy, not in the leaſt doubting but he brought ſome important Advice for the Publick Good. As I have been, ſaid he, the principal Cauſe of that Quarrel, which this Day makes your bear Arms againſt the *Ancients*, I thought my ſelf obliged to contribute my utmoſt Care towards furniſhing you with the Means to maintain and decide this War with Succeſs. Behold, added he, the Juſt and Literal *French* Tranſlations of *Homer*'s Works, where he mentions *Achilles*'s *Buckler*, and *Alcinous*'s Gardens, theſe I have brought to convince the Publick I have done

done him no Injury in my Poem. I likewiſe preſent you with exact Verſions of ſeveral weak Places in divers *Greek* Authors, and of *Euripides* himſelf, who next to *Homer* is in greateſt Eſteem amongſt the *Ancients*: there you will find, purſued he, the Fictions, ill deviſed, low Similies, and barbarous Cuſtoms, widely diſtant from the Politeneſs and Delicacy of our Age.

Corneille received the Tranſlations from the *Moderns* Hands, promiſing to make uſe of him upon all Occaſions during the Continuance of the War; to Charge thoſe Poets in the weak Places he had remark'd, and to ſhew his Eſteem for the Poet, offer'd to make him his Third *Aide de Camp*, if he was willing to ſerve in his Army. I believe, ſaid the *Modern*, it may be of greater uſe for me to return to the Living, that I may ſend you conſtant Advice of what paſſes there. You are in the right on't, replied *Corneille*, I give you the Title of our Ambaſſador, with Power to Negotiate all our Matters: And I perſwade my ſelf, I could not put our Affairs into better Hands, ſince you have made ſuch honourable mention of me in the Poem.

The *Modern* Poet return'd *Corneille* thanks for the Honour he had done him, in repoſing the Intereſt of the Party upon his Care. Then taking leave of him, and all the Council, he return'd to the Living, there to diſcharge

charge the Dignity of his new Function: And *Voiture* and *Saraſin* having arm'd and dreſs'd themſelves after the *Grecian* manner, went towards the Enemies Camp.

Mean while *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero* were drinking deep Draughts of the Pleaſure of that Victory they had lately gained over the *Modern* Orators, and ſent each other mutual Compliments upon that Subject. But *Cicero* who had moſt Vanity of the Two, could not help Expreſſing himſelf thus; Don't you Wonder, ſaid he to *Demoſthenes*, at the Preſumption of theſe *French* Advocates, who were ſo hardy to engage me with their Miſerable Pleadings, who paſs'd for Barbarians in their own Country, who were for the generality Strangers to their Mother Tongue, knew none of its Purity and Delicacies, who have made themſelves up a Language of rough and obſcure Terms, and ſo much in Love with Chichanrie, they are not to be underſtood by any but thoſe of their own Profeſſion.

'Tis very true, reply'd *Demoſthenes*, and had theſe Orators to do with ſo famous a People as thoſe of *Athens*, inſtead of moving and animating them to take Arms, as I have often done by the ſingle force of my Harangues, they would have lull'd 'em to Sleep, as they do the Judges who hear 'em, whoſe Attention muſt neceſſarily Flag, whilſt the Advocates

Advocates run round about the Bush making long and tedious Speeches, nothing to the purpose.

On the other hand, *Plato* and *Xenophon* were discoursing about the ill Success they had met with against the *Italian* Authors, who obliged them to retire before him. They were sensibly disturb'd at it, and left nothing unthought of to procure the Means of Revenge. What said *Plato*, after having been called *Divine* for above the space of Two Thousand Years, shall they degrade me from this Title, and henceforth call me the *Tedious?* Ah! rather let all my Works perish than suffer that Disgrace: You, my dear *Xenophon*, added he, are interested in this Affair as well as I; we were both the Scholars of one Master, who owes all his Glory to our Writings. What will become of the Philosophy, and all the Wisdom of *Socrates*, if under the Pretence of that Oscitation we cause in our Readers, our Works shall no longer be read. 'Tis the insufficiency of our Translators has been the Cause of all these disorders, and I can only find Two ways to remedy them; One is to make an Order, that all Men of Letters shall be obliged to learn *Greek*, and that it shall not be Lawful for any Person to read us but in our Originals: The other, to prohibit all *Modern* Authors from pretending to Translate us, or at least such

ſuch as are not able to write ſo well in their own Language as we did in ours.

I approve theſe two Expedients very well, replyed *Xenophon*, but we ſhall have occaſion for a much greater Authority amongſt the *Moderns* than what we poſſeſs at preſen t, to put them in practice. Then, ſaid *Plato*, I will Addreſs *Apollo* to enact it as a Law in *Parnaſſus*, with pain of perpetual Exile to all ſuch as ſhall preſume to break it.

The *Modern* Orators all this while were wondrous buſy; *Balſac* inraged with his Defeat knew not what meaſures to take; the *French Advocates* Companions of his Fate, acting according to the way of their Profeſſion, adviſed him to impeach *Calprenede*, for having baſely deſerted him during the Fight, inſtead of making a right uſe of the Valour of all his *Romantick Hero's*. Upon this Deſign *Balſac* aſſembled a great Council of War, compoſed of all the Leaders of the *French* Army, and thoſe of his Allies. *Calprenede* was likewiſe there, and going to take his Place at *Balſac's* Left hand; You are impeach'd, ſaid he, and till you ſhall have juſtified your ſelf, this Place is no longer your due.

However *Calprenede* would have taken his Seat in deſpight of *Balſac*, but the other beckning to *La Serre* and the *French* Advocates, they ſeized upon him, and prevented his

his Deſign by Force: Yet even after that *Calprenede* calling to mind *Orondates*, *Coriolanus*, *Artaban*; and thoſe other Hero's whom he had made effect Wonders, notwithſtanding the inequality of Number ſought for his Sword to root out all the *Advocates*, but he could not find it; for apprehending ſome ſuch Accident, their fear taught 'em to begin with diſarming him, when firſt they ſeized his Perſon, and he was obliged to anſwer as a Criminal to *Balſac*, who examin'd him in the Preſence of the Council.

The firſt Queſtion he ask'd, following the *French* manner of Proceeding in Criminal Affairs, was, Who he was, and of what Country? *Calprenede* was in a mighty Fury at theſe Interrogatories, as if, ſaid he, there was occaſion to demand who I am, that have filled the Earth with the Glory of my Name, and you had reaſon to doubt my Country could be any other but the Banks of the *Garonne*, after the Bravery which Reigns throughout my Works.

Balſac replyed, he had long known him to be a *Gaſcoign* Author, a maker of *Romances*; and that he had not ask'd thoſe Queſtions but to obſerve the Decorum of Procedure, but he had one more important to demand. Is it not true, purſued he, that when I demanded Supplies of you againſt *Demoſthenes*, you

you refuſed me with a jeering Smile, which is a certain Proof of the Intelligence you hold with the Enemy.

I own anſwer'd *Calprenede*, I refuſed to joyn you, becauſe being well acquainted with the Force of *Demoſthenes*, and your Weakneſs, I did not think it convenient to encreaſe the Diſgrace of our Nation, by adding my Defeat to yours. Then you are only brave in words, ſaid *Balſac*, and have made an ill Uſe of thoſe high Ideas of Courage, with which you inſpired your Hero's: But ſince you have impoſed upon the good Opinion the *Moderns* had of you, 'tis juſt you ſhould receive the Chaſtiſement due to your Neglect or Treaſon. Then riſing up, he demanded the Opinion of the Aſſembly; all the *French* Advocates were for Degrading *Calprenede*, not only from his Generalſhip, but even from the Quality of an Author, and for ever Baniſhing him from the Confines of the Empire of Learning.

But as the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Chiefs compoſed one Half of this Council of War; *Cervantes*, who was their General, and had refuſed, as *Calprenede*, to engage *Demoſthenes*, oppoſed the Sentence, declaring, he was ready to maintain in Proſe or Verſe againſt *Balſac*, and all the *French* Advocates, that *Calprenede* was more Eloquent than they, and that his *Romance* was an Honour to

their

their Nation by the Beauty and Fertileneſs of his Invention, with thoſe noble and lofty Characters he had given his Hero's.

This Declaration of *Cervantes* back'd by the Sentiments of *Boccalini* and *Quevedo*, made *Balſac* and all the *French* Advocates be ſilent, leaſt *Cervantes* ſhould make as Ingenious a piece of Criticiſm againſt them and their Works, as he had againſt Knight-Errantry, in his Beautiful Romance of *Don Quixot*. And *Balſac* after having conſulted the Lawyers a ſecond Time, pronounced that in reſpect to the Recommendation of their Allies, they forgot what was paſt, and order'd *Calprenede* to Re-aſſume his place. After this he exhorted all the Chiefs to continue united for the good of the Common Cauſe, notwithſtanding the ill Succeſs they had met with againſt the *Ancients*: And the Counſel concluded with a Propoſition, to implore Succours from the Living Orators, to put themſelves in a Condition to hazard a Second Battle.

The

The Contents of the Seventh Book.

The Departure of Euripides *and* Horace *in Quality of Ambaſſadors Extraordinary towards the Two* Modern *Poets, who were coming to the Aſſiſtance of the* Ancients. *They meet them half way between the Mountains* Parnaſſus *and* Helicon. *Their Interview, and what paſſed between them. The Diſcourſe between* Horace *and the Satyrick Poet. That between* Euripides *and the Dramatick. Their Arrival at the* Ancients *Camp. The Auxiliary Troops of the Two* Modern *Poets paſs in Review before the* Ancients. Homer *and* Virgil *regulate their Ranks.* Homer *acquaints 'em* Saraſin *and* Voiture *had ſtole away the* Girdle of Venus. *A Truce concluded: followed by the Exchange of* Camoes *for the* Girdle of Venus.

WHEN the Sun had began to guild the Summit of Mount *Helicon* with his earlieſt Rays, *Euripides* and *Horace* left the Army with a ſplendid Equipage, and ſet forward to meet the Two Chiefs, who had ſent to offer their Aſſiſtance to the *Ancients*. They found them in the Middle-way between the Mountains *Helicon* and *Parnaſſus*, which

which they had left by break of Day, after having Repoſed themſelves there the Night before; for their Impatience to join the Army of the *Ancients* would not permit 'em to attend the Return of their Deputies.

The Two Leaders March'd in Order of Battle at the Head of their Troops, and they no ſooner deſcryed *Euripides* and *Horace* but they advanced towards them, and theſe four Illuſtrious Poets embraced each other with mutual Eſteem and Affection.

The *Greek* and *Roman* ſucceſſively gave an Account of their Ambaſſage, and the Two *Moderns* replyed with grateful Acknowledgments of the Honour *Antiquity* had done them; and aſſured the *Ancients* how much they were inraged at the Revolt of the *Moderns*, ſaying, They thought the greateſt Proofs they could give of their Diſſatisfaction, was coming to joyn their Forces againſt theſe Rebels: Then being very eager to Arrive at the *Greek* and *Latin* Camps, continued their March towards *Helicon*, the *French* Dramatiſt giving his Hand to *Euripides* the Satyriſt to *Horace*.

Euripides and *Horace* inform'd them during their March of all that had paſſed ſince the Declaration of War, particularly of the various Succeſs at the Battle of *Helicon*, fought the Day before; and the *Modern* Poets gave them an Account of the Victory

which one of them had obtained over *Lucan*. *Horace* gave ſenſible proofs of his Joy upon this Occaſion: This Bragadocio then, ſaid he, who was ſo hardy to compare himſelf with *Virgil*, has at laſt receiv'd from your Hands the Reward due to his Preſumption. If he had been my Cotemporary I ſhould have ſaved you this Trouble, and treated him as he deſerved: For 'tis he who has corrupted the Purity of *Latin* Verſe, which reigned in *Auguſtus*'s Days; 'tis he that has deſtroyed its Natural Beauties by his own paltry Flouriſhes, 'tis this curſed Poiſon that has infected moſt of the Poets who have followed him, with the falſe Brillants of his extravagant Thoughts, and his affected Clinches, with his Sentences and Politick Maxims, often unjuſt and miſplaced, with his long and tedious Digreſſions upon divers Sciences, wherein he is frequently but ill inſtructed, and which are brought in over Head and Shoulders, as his idle Diſcourſes on the Source of the *Nile*, with his ſtrange, extravagant, and improbable Deſcriptions: Nothing can be more prejudicial to young Readers, who have no Ideas of the true Beauties of Poetry then peruſing this Author, and I know none more proper to Debauch their Taſte.

In their following Diſcourſe, *Horace* and the *French* Satyriſt talk'd about the Neceſſity for Poets of their kind to be born from Time

to

to Time, for Refining the Taſte of their Age, and purging it from the Droſs of ill Authors: For do you believe, ſaid *Horace*, if I had troubled my ſelf to have done Juſtice to the wretched Scriblers and ridiculous Coxcombs of *Auguſtus*'s Age, it would have ſerv'd for a Model to the following? No, I am perſwaded, ſaid he obligingly to the *Modern*, the World is equally indebted to you, and that you have contributed as much towards the good Reliſh which begins to reign amongſt your Nation: And we are alike in this alſo, that we have had the good Fortune to live under Two of the greateſt Princes that ever Reigned; both Victorious, both magnificent Benefactors to Men of Merit, both of a moſt refined and delicate Taſte for all the Productions of Wit.

As great as your Penetration is, replyed the *Modern*, you cannot conceive the ſmalleſt part of the extraordinary Qualities my Prince enjoys, the more I obſerve, the more I admire him; and when my Friend and I conſider the Grandeur of the Enterprize, to deſcribe all the Actions of this Hero, and leave a Picture to Poſterity, worthy ſo perfect an Original, we cannot help thinking our ſelves Loaden with a Weight as heavy as that of *Atlas* to *Hercules*; and though we want neither Zeal, Force, nor Courage, yet with Reaſon we apprehend ſinking under ſo

great a Burden. Judge then, my dear *Horace*, after this, added he, what a Pain it muſt be to abſtain from exerciſing our Talents upon the Crouds of Scribling Sots and Scurvy Poets, who like ſo many Ravens, croak their wretched Verſes and faint Praiſes upon the Actions of this inimitable Hero, and think after that with Impunity to challenge Nightingales for the Harmony of Singing: I profeſs, perſued he, I am ſometimes ſo Chagrin when I peruſe their obſolete and threadbare Thoughts, their empty Diſcourſes full of Words, but void of Senſe, and their Bombaſt, I am forced to ſummon all my Temper to avoid exclaiming againſt them, and ſtriking them with our Satyric Thunder

Comme on voit Jupiter *armé de ſon Tonerre*
Foudroyer les Titans vils enfans de la terre

As once with Thunder arm'd Almighty *Jove*.
Smote the Rebellious Off-ſpring of the Earth.

Whilſt the Two Satyriſts were thus diſcourſing, *Euripides* entertain'd the *French Dramatick* Poet, and began with returning Thanks for his having made him be underſtood in *France*. You, ſaid he, have drawn me out of that Oblivion wherein I ſlept ſo many Ages: No *French* Poets before your Time were ſo Prudent to conſult me, their greateſt

greateſt Journeys extended no farther than the Country of the *Latins*, where they only found indifferent Models for our kind of Poetry; they were neither acquainted with me, not by Brother *Greek* Dramaticks, but by the Interpoſition of *Tragic Seneca*, who you know very well, inſtead of imitating our Pieces, has ſpoilt them.

He is an unruly Wit, as moſt who are Born in *Spain*, they have a lively Phancy, and aiming at ſomething extraordinary, looſe their way and ſtumble upon Bombaſt, which is placed very near them; if they have any ſprightly Thoughts, they know not how to bring them in to the purpoſe, but put them into the Mouth of an improper Perſon, or at an inconvenient Time; nor are they leſs miſled with extravagant Exaggerations, and never contain themſelves within the juſt Bounds Reaſon ought to preſcribe to judicious Poets.

I have often admired, added he, how your elevated Genius, which ſoars ſo high in all your Pieces, could obſerve that Juſtice not to make any Character ſpeak any Thing but what was fitteſt for him to ſay. Amongſt the various Subjects you have repreſented above all the reſt, I am charm'd with the manner you have made your *Phædra* expreſs her ſelf after me, to ſee how you have Intereſted all your Auditors in her Grief, notwithſtanding her

Paſſion was Criminal: In my Opinion, 'Twas the moſt hardy Piece that ever was ſeen upon a Theater, and the moſt ſucceſsful. I proteſt my Tragedy of *Hyppolitus* Writ upon the ſame Subject, is inferior to it, I little thought when it received ſo great Applauſe at *Athens*, it would one Day be ſurpaſſed by a Man of your Nation, which we *Grecians* formerly look'd upon as Barbarians.

Nor am I leſs ſurpriz'd at thoſe great and inimitable Works your *Andromache* and *Iphigenia* whom you have ſo well embelliſh'd and inrich'd with my Sculptures. You have made ſo lively a Deſcription of a virtuous Mothers Love for her Son, and of an afflicted Fathers for his Daughter, that you have touch'd your Auditors Souls with the various Paſſions of Pity and Terror. I am not a Stranger to the Succeſs of your admirable *Britannicus*, and your other charming Plays, where the Subjects and Manners you there ſo loftily deſcribe are not ſo perfectly known to me as thoſe other Three Pieces wherein you have Copied mine.

If there are any bright Thoughts in my Works, replyed the *Modern* Poet, I ſhall always be proud of owning, that I am chiefly indebted to you for them. 'Tis from your Divine Writings, my dear *Euripides*, added he, as from a Fertile Source, that I have drawn my ſprightlieſt Ideas, and though I have added

added my own to them, yet they ought to be regarded as the Product of yours, arising from the frequent Commerce I have had with you and your famous Brethren the *Greek* Tragick Poets. And indeed I am strangely surpriz'd at the Blindness of our *Moderns*, to be embark'd in so rash an Enterprize, whence they can expect nothing but Disgrace and Repentance.

Thus these Four Renowned Leaders pass'd their Time as they Travail'd towards the *Greek* and *Latin* Camps. When they were Arrived within View of the *Ancients* Two Armies, *Homer* and *Virgil* did them the Honour to go meet them, and receiv'd 'em with all possible Demonstration of Esteem and Friendship. The Two *Moderns* witness'd by their profound Respect for these Illustrious Generals, how great a Veneration they always had for them, and after mutual Compliment past *Homer* and *Virgil* gave them to understand the *Ancients* would be glad to Review the Troops they had brought for their Service.

Whereupon Nine *Tragedies*, attended by a single *Comedy* of the *Dramatick Modern* pass'd before the Army of the *Ancients*; who admired the fair Order, the Force, the Justice and Elevation of the Thoughts, the Purity of Stile, the Cleanness of Elocution, the lively Turns and Harmony of the Verse,

the Sprightlineſs and Pathetick Force of the Deſcriptions, and the bright and juſt Simetry of the Parts which compoſed the Body in every piece.

After theſe Plays had been Review'd, *Homer* commanded *Euripides* to diſpoſe the *Moderns* Nine Tragedies to the Right Wing of the Army between his Works and thoſe of *Sophocles*, giving the Author at the ſame Inſtant a Command equal to either of the Two *Greek* Tragedians. He likewiſe commanded *Ariſtophanes* to Lead the Comedy to his, and place it in the ſame Rank.

When theſe were paſs'd, the *Ancients* ſaw Nine Satyrs advance with Nine Epiſtles and a Diſcourſe in Verſe, whoſe ſharp and lively Touches, plenty of well choſen Words, ingenious Raillery, and lively Deſcriptions, made them think the Author had carried away all the *Attick Salt*, to embelliſh his Works. *Virgil* order'd *Horace* to Conduct him to the Right Wing of the *Latin* Army, between his Satyrs, Epiſtles, and the Fragments of *Lucilius*; declaring, the *Modern* Satyriſt *Horace's* Colleague, with an equal Authority in the Army.

Theſe Satyrs and Epiſtles were attended by a Comical Heroick Poem, which began thus,

Je chant le Combat de ce Prelat terrible
Qui par ſes longs travaux & ſa force invincible
Dans Paris autrefois exerçant ſon grand Cœur
Fit placer a la fin un Lutrin dans un Cœur.

I ſing the Combat of the dreadful Prieſt
Who by long Labour, Force invincible,
And proofs of Courage once in *Paris* ſhewn
At laſt was made the Chanter of the Choire.

This Beginning, and the Beauty of the Verſes that follow'd, made the Piece almoſt be taken for another *Iliad*. But *Homer* and the *Ancient* Chiefs having learnt who this *Lutrin* was that had occaſion'd ſo terrible a War, admired the Fertility of the Author's Genius, who had made ſo Beautiful and Noble a Poem almoſt upon nothing, found it an Original in its kind: And *Homer* gave Orders it ſhould March behind his *Iliads* and *Odyſſes* on the Right Hand of his *Batromachia*.

After this likewiſe came a *Poetick Art* in Four Canto's, the *Ancients* were ſurprized at all the Excellencies of this Work; the Juſtice of the Precepts it contain'd, the Nicety of Criticiſms, the Congruous and Ingenious turn of the Verſe on a Subject ſo Barren and Difficult to Verſifie on. And *Horace* who there found the Hints he had treated of, declared before the

the Generals, that the *Modern*, by imitating had ſurpaſſed his Works, that this *Poetick Art* was more Methodical and Inſtructive than his, that it handled the Matter to the Bottom, gave Rules for Stile, the different Conſtruction of the various kinds of Poetry; and that one might juſtly apply that to this *Modern*, which was ſaid of *Auguſtus*, Since he had Rebuilt that with Marble which he found compiled of Brick. In reſpect therefore to this advantageous Character *Virgil* ordered his Art *Poetick* ſhould be Poſted on the Right of *Horace's*.

The Review of theſe Auxiliary Troops being over, the Two Generals invited the *Moderns* to go along with them to the Banks of *Hyppocrene*, where they reſolved to Treat them with the Waters of the Fountain; and to make the Regale Compleat, the *Ancients*, who knew by Experience, *the greateſt Pleaſure one could give a Poet, was engaging him to Read his own Works*, were ſo complaiſant to beg that Favour from the *Moderns*.

Whilſt they were Marching towards the Fountain, *Homer* gave 'em an Account of the Grief he had conceiv'd at the News, *Euſtachius* Captain of his Guard had brought that Morning at his Levy: It ſeems having viſited the *Iliads*, he found a Vacancy in the Ranks, and perceiv'd 'twas the Place where the Verſes had been poſted that compoſed the *Girdle of Venus*,

Venus, which now were wanting. He demanded of the Hero's of the *Phalanx* what were become of 'em, and they inform'd him, that Two *Greek* Poets came the Night before from *Homer* with Orders to draw out a Detachment for some important Expedition, and that the *Girdle of Venus* had followed them. *Euſtachius* being ſatisfied, the General never ſent any ſuch Orders, made it his Buſineſs to inquire into the Occaſion of this Surprize, and with much to do at laſt diſcover'd by a Spy whom he ſent into the Army of the *Moderns*, that the *Girdle of Venus* had been convey'd thither by Two Poets of their Party call'd *Voiture* and *Saraſin*; who having diſguiſed themſelves in *Greek* Habits, forged that Order. This Surprize, added *Homer*, gives me the more ſenſible Diſpleaſure, becauſe I eſteem'd that Piece the beſt of any of my Works; I believed the *Moderns* deſign'd to Attack my *Buckler* of *Achilles* by open Force, but little dreamt of ſuch a piece of Treachery; however I reſolve to find ſome Methods for the Recovery of this Loſs.

The *Modern* Satyriſt told him, he was well acquainted with thoſe Two Authors, that they knew well how to Guard what they had poſſeſs'd themſelves of, and it would be a difficult Matter to Regain it: Beſides, added he, I believe 'twill be the better way to make a Treaty of Exchange with them for ſome Priſoners,

Priſoners, if the Battle againſt the *Moderns* has furniſh'd you with any.

Yes, reply'd *Homer*, I have *Camoes* the raſh *Portugueſe* Poet, who was the firſt Perſon defeated by my *Iliads*; and you ſhall quickly ſee him Tyed by the Heels behind my Chariot, in which Poſture he every Day makes a Tour about my Army, as *Achilles* drew the Body of *Hector* round the Tomb of *Patroclus*. *Corneille* ſent to demand his Liberty, but not coming in Perſon, as King *Priam* attended *Achilles*, to deſire the Body of *Hector*, I did not think convenient to ſet him free.

I believe, ſaid the Satyriſt, it may be better to Exchange him for the *Girdle of Venus*, then drag him any longer about your Army: For theſe *Moderns* being ignorant of the Ancient Cuſtoms of the *Greeks*, will certainly Cenſure you for dtagging the *Portugueſe* thus behind your Chariot; as they have made a Jeſt of your cauſing *Achilles* to do the like by the Body of *Hector* in your *Iliads*: Not that they have any Reaſon to oppoſe your Cuſtoms and Rule in this Action, or to pretend, that you who are the Great Standard for all Poets, ſhould adjuſt your *Achilles* to a Hero of *French* Romance. Yet you ought to Recover your *Girdle of Venus*, which is of more Intrinſick Value than this *Portugueſe* with all his Works.

The

The *Moderns* Advice being accepted, He and his Friend profer'd themſelves to Negotiate the Exchange with *Voiture* and *Saraſin*, when they ſhould Arrive at the Banks of the Fountain *Hyppocrene*. Soon after the Reſolution made they came thither, and *Homer* taking up the Waters in Two *Greek* Veſſels, preſented them to the Two *Moderns*, who receiv'd the Favour from his Hands with great Reſpect, they Drunk his Health and *Virgils*; they were pledged by all the Chiefs that were preſent, and the Two Generals did them Reaſon.

After this Regale the Two *Modern* Poets demanded a Parley with *Voiture* and *Saraſin*, who ſoon advanced by *Corneille*'s Order to the Banks of the Fountain, at the Head of their Trenches. The Two *Moderns* on Behalf of the *Ancients* received them on the Confines of the fartheſt Lines of both Armies: Mutual Compliments paſſed between them, and a Truce was propoſed to facilitate the Conference, which was accepted by the Generals of both Armies, and immediately concluded on for the remainder of that Day.

The Four Deputies, amongſt other Things, had ſome Diſcourſe of a General Peace between both Parties; but as this was an Affair which required a more conſiderable Time to Diſcourſe than the Truce could afford, they confined themſelves only to the preſent

preſent Subject of the Conference, which was an Exchange of *Camoes* for the *Girdle of Venus*.

The Deputies of the *Modern* Army ſaid, there was a great Inequality between the Value of the Things to be Exchanged, and that the *Girdle of Venus* was of much greater Worth than the *Portugueſe* Poet. This the *Ancients* Deputies readily agreed to; but added, that the Preference the *Moderns* gave upon this Occaſion to a ſmall part of *Homer's* Works, over the Chief Poet of a Nation, would be a conſiderable Advantage to the *Ancients*; wherefore it was not their Intereſt to aſſert that Truth. The ſubtilty of this Reaſon confounded the *Moderns:* But as it was their particular Intereſt to oppoſe this Exchange, becauſe the *Girdle of Venus* had been convey'd away by their Addreſs, they deſired the Conference might break up.

Well then, ſaid one of the *Ancient* Deputies, we do Conſent in the Name of our Party, to acknowledge, that your Works having been touch'd with this Girdle, ſhall for ever enjoy the ſame Charms for their Readers it gave * *Juno* in the Eyes of *Jupiter*. *Voiture* and *Saraſin* return'd them many Thanks for this Declaration in their Favour, and thereupon concluded the Exchange, which was executed ſoon after.

* Homer, *ſays* Juno *having borrowed* Venus's Girdle, Jupiter *was wonderfully Charm'd with the Graces it gave each part of her Body.*

The

The Contents of the Eighth Book.

A Council held by the Muſes. Calliope *ſent to* Apollo. *She informs him of the Civil War between his Subjects. She paſſes the Night with the Three* Syrens *her Daughters, and the* Nereides. *She goes to Mount* Helicon *to carry* Apollo's *Orders. The* Ancients *and* Moderns *appear at* Parnaſſus. Apollo, *attended by the* Muſes, *gives Audience to the Chiefs of both Parties. Firſt, He calls* Homer *afterwards* Corneille, *who maintains the Intereſt of the* Moderns *againſt him.* Homer's *Reply.* Virgil's *Audience, and* Taſſo's. *A Diſpute between theſe Two Poets. The Complaint of* Des Mareſts *againſt* Corneille. *Other Complaints from Three Dramaticks, and Four other Poets, who aver'd themſelves to be Originals in their kinds.*

MEAN while the *Muſes* being fled the Day before to Mount *Olympus*, were no ſooner Arrived there, but having recover'd the Diſorder the ſight of all theſe Armies had put them into, they conſulted what Methods were to be taken for putting an End to ſo great a War. The wiſe *Clio* being look'd upon as the moſt skilful Perſon of the Nine in Buſineſs, was deſired by her Siſters to declare

clare her Opinion. 'Tis my Advice, ſaid ſhe, we ſhould immediately diſpatch a Meſſenger to acquaint *Apollo* with the News of this Civil War between his Subjects of *Parnaſſus*, and deſire he will immediately come thither, by his Authority, to compoſe this Diviſion. I believe, added ſhe, my Siſter *Calliope*, who preſides over *Heroick* Verſes, is the Perſon we ſhould make Choice of for this Embaſſage; and in my Opinion ſhe ſhould repeat the new Poem to *Apollo*; which has occaſioned this War, that the God after having heard it may diſtribute ſuch Orders as he ſhall think moſt convenient for the Good of his Empire.

This Advice was agreed to by all the Reſt, and *Calliope* ſoon left the Place in order to attend *Apollo* upon the ſame Wings which had brought her thither from Mount *Helicon*.

The Journey being very long, ſhe Arrived not at the End of it till towards the Evening. *Phœbus* was in his Dreſſing Room, and ready to retire to the Bed *Thetis* had prepared for him. *Twilight* his firſt Bed-chamber-man gave him Notice of the *Muſes* approach, he order'd ſhe ſhould have Admittance, received her with a great deal of Civility, and ſhe gave him an Account of the Diſorders in his Empire of *Parnaſſus*. I have already taken Notice of 'em, ſaid he, paſſing over the Mountains *Helicon* and *Parnaſſus*, but I did not eſteem the Fewd conſiderable enough to ſtop my Courſe,

as

as I did at the Birth of *Hercules*: However I ſhould be glad to learn the Occaſion of this Diſpute between my *Ancient* and *Modern* Subjects: Then ſaid *Caliope*, I cannot better inform your Majeſty than by the recital of the Poem which cauſed it: Whereupon *Apollo* letting her know he was ready to give her Attention, ſhe rehearſed it.

After *Apollo* had heard it, he bid *Calliope* go take her Reſt, and attend him the next Morning at his Levy to receive his Orders. He recommended her to *Thetis*, who ſent Word to the *Nereides* to take Care of the *Muſe*. They conducted her to their Grotto's, where the Syrens *Parthenope*, *Ligea* and *Lencoſia*, ſtrove to divert her with the Charms of their Singing. The *Muſe* acknowledged them for the Three beloved Daughters ſhe had by a ſecret Amour with the River *Achelous*; notwithſtanding the Opinion Men have of the *Muſes* Virginity: She embraced them with a Mothers Tenderneſs, and paſſed the Night very agreeably in liſtning to their Voices, and ſeeing the *Nereids* Dance about the Chariot of *Triton*.

When *Apollo* waked, *Aurora* open'd the Eaſtern Gate of his Palace to *Calliope*, and told her as ſhe was going, 'twas Lawful for her to enter. *Apollo* came to meet her, and order'd as he was mounting his Chariot, ſhe ſhould go directly to Mount *Helicon*, and from him Command all his Subjects, as well

Ancients as *Moderns*, to lay down their Arms and immediately attend him at *Parnaſſus*, where he was reſolv'd to ſtop his Courſe to give them Audience, and put an end to their Quarrel.

The *Muſe* ſoon mounted into the Air, and Arriving at the Fountain *Hyppocrene* juſt after the Exchange of the *Girdle of Venus* with the *Portugueſe* Poet, ſhe appear'd environ'd with many Rays of *Apollo*'s Light, wherewith he had preſented her at his Departure; and when ſhe came within Hearing of the *Ancients* and *Moderns*; I am come, ſaid ſhe, (with a Voice agreeable and loud enough) from *Apollo*, your Maſter and mine, to acquaint you, that being inform'd of your Diviſions, he has the Goodneſs to deſire to Compoſe them with that fatherly Affection he bears all his Subjects: Wherefore in his Name I command you to lay down your Arms, and immediately appear at *Parnaſſus*, where he is reſolv'd to ſtop to Morrow there to decide your Differences.

All the Leaders of each Party gave the *Muſe* to underſtand, how ready they were to Obey, and forthwith March'd towards *Parnaſſus* without obſerving either Order of Battle, or any other Precaution, as well in reſpect to *Apollo*'s Orders as the Truce they had concluded for the reſt of that Day.

Pegaſus, who was graſing on the Summit of Mount *Helicon*, perceiving the *Muſe* came to wait upon her, and as ſhe was a little Fatigued

tigued with having flown ſo long a Journey, ſhe Mounted him to return with greater Eaſe to her Siſters at *Olympus*, whether ſhe went to give an Account of her ſucceſsful Embaſſage, and acquaint them, that all the Poets were returning to *Parnaſſus*.

Apollo coming thither the Day after found the Nine *Muſes* there, whom he cauſed to take their Places round about him on the Top of the Mountain, where they divided themſelves into Two Bodies upon the different Summits, and between theſe Two Eminencies the Chiefs of either Party preſented themſelves like Supplicants: He receiv'd them with his uſual Goodneſs and Gentle Grace, telling them, that having Notice of their Quarrel, he reſolved to take Cognizance of the Buſineſs to determine it. Then calling *Homer* the firſt: Well Father, ſaid he, with an agreeable Smile, though theſe young People, pointing to the *Moderns*, have been ſo hardy to make War upon you, yet you muſt forgive them; if they have not pay'd you the Reſpect due to your Merit, 'twas becauſe they did not underſtand you: And I am ſatisfied the greateſt part of them have declared their Opinions, without being acquainted with you; but I will do you Juſtice, and reduce them to the Obedience they owe you.

Puiſſant God, replyed *Homer*, ſince you have the Goodneſs to maintain my Rights,

the Efforts of my Enemies muſt always prove ineffectual. 'Tis now above Three Thouſand Years ſince I firſt obtain'd the Title of Prince of Poets, by unanimous Conſent from all Nations; and I hoped after ſo long and well eſtabliſh'd a Poſſeſſion, theſe *Moderns* would not have been ſo ready to diſturb me. Theſe new *Zoilus*'s before they attempted ſo great an Enterprize, ſhould have reflected on the ill Succeſs all thoſe have met with who have ingaged in it: They ſhould have remember'd, that during the Reign of *Ptolomy*, *Philodelphus* King of *Egypt*, *Zoilus* having Dedicated his Book to him, which he Writ againſt my Work, in hopes of obtaining ſome mighty Recompence, he was turn'd to Ridicule by that wiſe Prince, as he deſerved; telling him, when he ſolicited for ſome Preferment, 'twas impoſſible that he who knew ſo much more than I, that had ſubſiſted ſo many People, could want any thing.

I muſt own, added *Homer*, I have been informed, that *Caligula* and *Nero* have ſhewn a great Averſion to my Works, and thoſe of *Virgil*. But this is only their particular Judgment, theſe Two Emperors have not had the good Fortune to be look'd upon by Poſterity, as Models fit to imitate: And there are but few People that would be proud of jumping with their Fancy.

Then

Then *Apollo* pointing to *Corneille*, advance my Son, ſaid he, what Anſwer can you make to that which *Homer* has ſaid?

Great God, replyed *Corneille*, I found my ſelf forced againſt my Will to make War upon him, by the Choice all the *Moderns* made of me, to maintain their Intereſt againſt the *Ancients*. I thought I was obliged in Honour to anſwer their Expectations, who had prefer'd me to all the Poets of my Time, not that I had any Averſion to *Homer*, or the leaſt reaſon to Quarrel with him: I ſhall ingeniouſly declare, I had very little Commerce with him or his Brethren the *Greek* Poets, that my moſt familiar Acquaintances were amongſt the *Latins* and *Spaniſh* Poets: I muſt own I always believed it poſſible to produce beautiful Pieces, without praying Aſſiſtance from theſe *Grecian* Lords, I think I have ſufficiently proved it by thoſe I have given the Publick, and the Succeſs of my Combat with *Sophocles* and *Euripedes* in the Battle of *Helicon*. But for my part I know no Reaſon *Homer* has to Complain; is he not praiſed ſo much as he deſerves in the new Poem that occaſion'd this War,

Pere de tous les Arts a qui du Dieu de vers
Le Miſteres profunds ont eté de couverts
Vaſt & Puiſſant Genie inimtable Homere
Dun reſpect infinit ma Muſe te revere, &c.

Father of Arts to whom the God of Verſe
Profoundeſt Myſteries diſcloſed
Inimitable *Homer* mighty Bard
My Muſe thy Name does awfully Revere, &c.

What could he deſire more than this? Sure he does not pretend there is ſo much Reſpect due to every Line he has Written, that we muſt Laugh at nothing of his? Does he not believe that Readers Yawn at the Digreſſions he makes, when his Hero's are juſt ready to Engage, and may lawfully ſay

Cependant ſi le Ciel favorable a la France
Au ſiecle ou nous vivons eut remis ta Naiſſance
Cent defauts qu'on imput au ſiecle où tu nâ quis,
Ne prophaneroient pas tes Ouvrage exquis
Tes ſuperbes Guerriers prodiges de vaillance
Prets de ſ'entrepercer du long fer de leur Lance
N' auroient pas dû ſi long tems tenir le bras levé
Et lorſque le Combat devroit étre a chevé
Eunyer les Lectures d'une longue preface
Sur les faits e'cla tans des Heros de leur Race.

Yet had the Gods more bounteous to our *France*
Defer'd thy Birth unto the Preſent Age,
Thoſe flaws imputed to thy Rough-hewn Days,
The glorious Rapſoide had neer profaned.
Thy Noble Hero's Prodigies of War
Prepared to ſend each other to the Shades,

With

With Arms extended in the yielding Air,
Had not ſo long with irkſome Prefaces,
On the great Acts of their victorious Race
Fatigued the Reader, whilſt they ſhould have
(Fought.

Does he think that the Author of this Poem has done him ſo great an Injury, in ſaying, he has put too much Work in ſo narrow a Space as that of *Achilles*'s *Buckler*, in remarking, that Two Towns ſpeaking different Languages, that Two Orators haranguing, the Bellowing of the Bull, devour'd by a Lion, that the Dances and ſweet Conſorts he deſcribes there are ſtrange things,

Que jamais d'un Burin quoi qu'en la main des
(Dieux
Le langage Muet ne ſcauroit dire aux Yeux.

No Graver yet, though guided by a God
Could repreſent the Language of a Mule

And does he not believe this Author was in the right, to declare with *Horace*, the Good Man ſome times ſlept.

This Diſcourſe of *Corneille* was approved by all the *Moderns*, whoſe Acclamations made *Parnaſſus* Ring; but when the Noiſe was over, *Homer* thus reply'd with a modeſt Air.

It would not be very difficult perhaps, ſaid he, to juſtifie all thoſe Places where the *Moderns* attack my Works, particularly the Deſcription of *Achilles*'s *Buckler*, and I believe they who accuſe m of Nodding when I made it, were Sleepy themſelves, or they had never ſaid ſo. Let them only conſult the Opinion of Ages paſt, which have always eſteemed it as a moſt perfect Piece. The ſize of a Buckler excludes not the poſſibility of drawing a Picture which ſhall contain ſeveral Deſigns; there may be deſcribed in little what would have been greater in a larger Space; 'tis ſufficient each part of the piece is proportionable to the whole. And *Vulcan*, no doubt, whom I have engaged in this Affair, was Maſter enough to obſerve the neceſſary proportions. You have ſeen a Chart of the intire World within a Globe of narrow Extent, where Seas, Lands, Kingdoms, Provinces, nay even Towns, Mountains, Rivers, and the moſt minute Diverſities are deſcribed: Yet Geographers were never ridiculed for this.

As for that Objection of my deſcribing Two Towns ſpeaking different Languages, Two Orators making Speeches, a Bull Roaring, Shepherds Dancing to ſweet Conſorts of their own making. He muſt be a very indifferent Critick, who tells me, I deſigned thereby to repreſent the Voice, Noiſe, Sounds, and Movements which can no more be expreſs'd by

by a Graver than by Poetry. But there is not a Man of Underſtanding, who will not judge with Antiquity, that this Deſcription meant no more, but that the Orators were there repreſented in the Poſture of ſuch People as ſpeak in Publick: That the Bull was in a bellowing Poſture, and the Shepherds in one proper for thoſe that Danced, Sung, or Play'd upon any Inſtruments. Nor is there any good Painter or Sculpter who cannot expreſs by the Geſture of his Figures, not only the Actions they do, but even their Paſſions, which muſt be deſcribed by the Poſture of their Viſages, and the various Diſpoſition of their Bodies: Nay, even the Author of this Poem, ſpeaking of the Horſes of the Sun at *Verſailles* ſays himſelf

Ces Chevaux de Soleil qui Marchent qui bon-
(diſſent
Et qu'au rapporte des Yeux on croiroit qu'ils
(tranniſſent.

Theſe *Phœbus* Steeds, if we believe our Eyes,
Appear to Neigh, and move with ſtately Pride.

Whereby he plainly proves this Judgment was ill founded, ſince he himſelf is guilty of that which he condemns in my *Buckler of Achilles.* Nor can this Criticiſm be approved by any but Barren Genius's, ſuch as the *Modern* Poets generally

nerally are, who finding themſelves incapable of ſo high an Effort of Imagination, as that I have made upon this Subject, are angry at my Copiouſneſs, which ſoars beyond the Apprehenſion of their narrow Ideas.

After this *Apollo* nodded to *Virgil* to advance; I perceive my Friend, ſaid he, with a Smile, your Children are revolted againſt you, and inſtead of following the beautiful and noble Models you have left them in your excellent *Eneids* have taken contrary Methods, loſing themſelves in Viſions and ridiculous Enchantments: But I find you have chaſtiſed them as they deſerved; yet I deſire you would Pardon poor *Torqueto Taſſo*, whom you Defeated in the Battle of *Helicon*: He has been Diſgraced, yet he is not void of Merit, and if inſtead of abandoning himſelf to his own Caprice, he had made uſe of your Precepts, follow'd your Example, he had a Genius ſufficient to have made him a great Poet; there is ſomething Noble and Lofty in his Thoughts, his Deſcriptions are Lively and Agreeable, and his Poem, though not compleat in the whole, yet conſiſts of many beautiful Scraps of Poetry.

Come hither *Taſſo*, continued he, I would make your Peace with *Virgil*, but on this Condition, that you ſhall learn more Prudence for the future, that you ſhall regard him as your Maſter, and the Perſon you ought to have imitated,

imitated, inſtead of venturing to fly as you have done upon your own Wings, whereas you ſhould carefully have follow'd thy judicious *Dedalus*, and not like daring *Icharus*, have ſoard with waxen Wings, which being melted, threw you headlong into the Deep.

Moſt powerful Judge of our Labours, replyed *Taſſo*, imitation being ſomewhat mean, I thought I was obliged to free my ſelf from that Subjection, and that there were more ways then one to aſcend *Parnaſſus*. I eſteem'd Poetry a Game of Wit, whoſe principal End was to pleaſe and ſurprize the Readers with wonderful Events; and that not long time was neceſſary to produce theſe Effects, but to follow the Ideas of a ſprightly Fancy, without reſpect to thoſe Rules the Ancients have left us for Epick Poetry: I believ'd theſe Precepts had no other Foundation but the Caprice of the Perſons who made 'em, and that I might lawfully make new, by leaving a Model of my own Invention, which pleaſed all my Countrymen, and ſtill Charms the greateſt part of the *Moderns*.

You was miſtaken, anſwer'd *Virgil*, when you fancied, that they who made Rules for Epick Poetry, founded them only upon the Caprice of their own Opinions. *Ariſtotle* formed them upon the excellent Works of the Divine *Homer*, who receiv'd them from the Dictates of *Apollo* and the *Muſes* themſelves. They

They are all ſo judicious and well invented that People of juſt Taſte are never pleaſed without them, becauſe they are founded upon that alone which can and ought to pleaſe.

Poetry became not perfect before it was reduced to an Art, which has certain Rules, as well as Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; whoever neglects theſe Precepts will make Monſters in Poetry, as a Painter or Sculptor would do, who inſtead of repreſenting a Man with that due proportion Nature has fixed to each part of the Body, and diſpoſing them all in their proper Places, ſhould make an ill proportion'd Figure, draw the Arms where the Thighs ſhould be, and delineate the Head inſtead of a Belly. You plainly perceive added *Virgil*, he who ſhould Fancy this the Picture of a Man, as well as that which is exactly copied after Nature, would be ſtrangely miſtaken. Now Poetry is only another kind of Painting which ſpeaks, imbelliſhes, and inlarges the Objects, without diſ-figuring of them. Sometimes ſhe repreſents things inanimate, but inſtead of making them Monſters, ſhe dreſſes them in more agreeable and perfect Forms than they really poſſeſs; always rejecting mean Ideas, and never Sullies her Works, as you have done with your dreadful Deſcriptions of extravagant Figures, which are ſufficient to fright People from reading your Poem. I would fain know by what

Authority

Authority you gave *Pluto* thoſe * Horns, you make him lift higher than Mount *Atlas*, which you expreſs according to the Caprice of your irregular Fancy, by ſaying, that this Mountain and that of *Calpie* appear only little Hills before *Plato*, when he Elevates his great Front with his mighty Horns.

The Deſcription you make in the Two following Stanza's of his Mouth being opened in the form of a Gulph or Common-Shore, which caſts forth black and filthy Blood with a nauſeous Breath, is not only ſufficient to ſtrike your Readers with Horror, but even to make them vomit upon your Works.

If you had found your ſelf under an abſolute Neceſſity of deſcribing a dreadful Mon-

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* Taſſo's Hieraſolema, Canto 4. Stanza 6.

Sie de Pluton nel mezo, & con la deſtra
Soſtien lo ſcettro ruvido, e peſante,
Ne tanto Scoglio in Mar, ne rupe alpeſtra
Nè pur Calpes 'en alza, ò 'l magno Atlante
Ch 'anzi lui non pareſſe un picciol Collè
Si la gran fronte, & le gran corna eſtolle.

Here Mounted in the midſt ſits *Pluto*, whoſe Right-hand
His rough unweildy Scepter does ſuſtain,
No Rock ſo ſteep, no Mountain 'ere ſo High,
Nay towring *Calpe*'s lofty *Atlas* Brows,
Compared with him ſmall Hillocks would appear,
When he his mighty Front and Horns extols.

ſter,

ſter, you might have contrived one after your own Fancy, without giving him the Name of *Pluto*, whom all Antiquity never Painted after that manner. Nor ſhould you fooliſhly have made him a Leader, as you have done of thoſe Demons whoſe Pride precipitated them into Hell, and confounded Two Notions ſo widely different as thoſe of the Ancient Poets, Hell, and thoſe of Chriſtians. In fine, you have made your Poem an abſolute Chaos as I could eaſily prove, would it not incroach too much upon *Apollo*'s Patience.

Taſſo had replyed, but he was interrupted by *Des Mareſtes*, followed by *Chapelain* and *St. Amand*, who came to complain of *Corneille*. Great Prince of *Parnaſſus*, ſaid *Des Mareſts* to *Apollo*, I hope you will do us Juſtice againſt *Corneille*, who not content to have uſurp'd the Generaliſhip of the *French* Poets, which in all Juſtice belonged to an *Epick* Poet, and to me above all the reſt, has caſt an Eternal Blemiſh upon our Reputations, by ordering us to Guard his Baggage on the other ſide the River *Permeſſis*, during the Battle of *Helicon*. I cannot deny but he has well performed his part againſt the *Greek* Tragedians, in forcing them to abandon half the Waters of *Hyppocrene*: But he prevented our diſputing the *Epick* Glory with *Homer*: His *Iliads* and *Odyſſes* had no longer prided themſelves upon being the Models for Poetry of this kind had I been permitted

mitted to have engaged their Author at the Head of my *Clovis*, I would ſoon have Routed *Achilles*, *Ajax*, and *Diomedes*, I would have confounded the Prudence of *Neſtor*, the Artifice of *Ulyſſes*, and the Addreſs of *Agamemnon*. I would have frightned 'em all away with my Devils: In fine, alone have triumph'd over all Antiquity, and gain'd immortal Glory for the *Moderns*.

Apollo ſmiled at the Dreams of this Poet, who had ſtill continued venting his extravagance; but that he was hindred by other *French* Poets, who came likewiſe to complain of *Corneille* for not giving them any Command in the Army of the *Moderns*, notwithſtanding the honourable mention made of them by the new Poem. Here you might have ſeen

——*Les Rotreus, les Triſtans,*
Et cente autres encore de lices de leur temps.

—— The *Triſtans* and *Retrous*
With hundreds more the Pleaſures of their Age.

'Tis I, exclaim'd *Rotrou*, who am the Author of *Venceſlas*, which was always reckoned amongſt the firſt Pieces of the *French* Theatre, as appears by the Care they take to repreſent it at Court. 'Tis I, ſaid *Triſtan*, that made *Mariamne*, and who had the Honour to make the moſt famous Comedian weep at the Fury

Fury of my *Herod.* 'Tis I, cryed *Mairet*, that writ the Ancient *Sophonisbe*, which the Publick has preferr'd to that of *Corneille*, and his Jealousy prevented his giving me that Place in the *Moderns* Army which my Merits deserved. I had never been forgot added he, had I only Writ the single Dialogue of my *Sylvia*, the whole Court got by Heart, which thus begins

Beau sujet de mes feux & de mes infortunes
Ce jour te soit plús doux & plus heureaux
(qu' à Moy.

Thou lovely Cause of my Misfortunes and my
(Flames
May'st thou enjoy more Happiness this Day
(than I.

These Grievances were follow'd by those of several other Poets, quoted in the new Poem, as *Regnier*, *Mainard*, *Gambault*, and *Godean*, who altogether cryed, I am the Original of *French* Satyr, I am the Original of Epigrams, I of beautiful Sonnets, I of sprightly Dialogues. These Four Originals made so great Noise, that *Apollo* being quite tired, gave Orders the Poets should retire, and make Room for the Orators, who were ready to Die for want of the Satisfaction of speaking.

The

The Contents of the Ninth Book.

Apollo *gives Audience to the Orators, beginning with* Demoſthenes *and* Cicero. *What they ſay. The Diſcourſe of* Balſac *and the Advocate of* Jane Maillard's *Cauſe. That of* Miguel de Cervantes. Plato's *Complaint.* Boccalini's *Criticiſm upon his Works.* Ariſtotle's *Complaint.* Deſcartes's *Anſwer for having deſtroyed his Syſtem of the World.* Apollo *puts an end to their Diſpute. He Commands all the* Ancients *and* Moderns *to Retire; and orders the Muſes to attend to receive his Deciſion.*

THE Orators having preſented themſelves before *Apollo*, he made ſigns to *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero* to approach. Your Majeſty no doubt, ſaid *Demoſthenes*, will be ſurprized, when you ſhall underſtand what Champions the *Moderns* have ſet up to diſpute the Glory of Eloquence with *Cicero* and me; one *Balſac*, and one *Jean Maillard's* Advocate, Perſons unworthy to be placed in the Balance of your Judgment with us; and I perſwade my ſelf you will chaſtiſe them as their Raſhneſs deſerves.

I believe, ſaid *Cicero*, who was proud enough of his Quality and Eloquence, it

would have afforded you great Diverſion to have ſeen a parcel of *French* Advocates vie with a *Roman* Conſul, and pretend to divide the Glory of my Art with me, whoſe principal Force conſiſts in the ſtrength of their Lungs, and the length of their Breath; who have no other way to overcome their Adverſaries but by making a greater Noiſe than they, who have not one juſt Notion of Eloquence, who generally make uſe of nothing in their Pleadings but Amplifications and School-boys Topicks, who ſwell their Harangues with Quotations and Ornaments uſeleſs and impertinent, fill them with extravagant Exagerations, lewd Expreſſions, groſs Invectives, and flat Railleries, which for the moſt part conſiſt of Equivocations, Punnes, Proverbs, and ſuch childiſh Fooleries.

Come hither *Balſac*, ſaid *Apollo*, and you, the Advocate of *Jean Maillards* Cauſe, what have you to ſay in your Defence?

Powerful God, anſwer'd *Balſac*, I am ſo far from aiming at a Defence before ſo famous a Judge, that I place all the hopes of my Safety in a ſolemn Confeſſion of that enormous Crime, my Pride plunged me into. I was ſo puff'd up by the Writers of my Time, that their Elegies made me ſet too great a Value upon my ſelf. Add to this, the *Moderns* chooſing me for their General, which ſerved to confirm my Preſumption.

I fancy'd I was able to Diſpute the Reward of Eloquence with *Demoſthenes*, but this thundring Orator has to my Sorrow convinced me of my Weakneſs, and his own invincible Force. To him therefore I pay that Homage which is due, and likewiſe to that Illuſtrious Conſul (pointing to *Cicero*, who anſwer'd with a ſtately Nod of his Head) and I declare all that is excellent in my Works owes its birth to Antiquity, whence I collected it.

It is to theſe ſprightly Turns wherewith I embelliſh'd my Works, that I ought to attribute thoſe Praiſes I receiv'd in the Panygerical Letters of the moſt Celebrated Authors in *Europe*, not to my own Genius, which of it ſelf was too Barren to have produced any thing excellent. But after this ingenious Declaration, ſo rare in the Mouth of an Author, and ſo contrary to my own Temper, I hope to obtain one ſingle Favour, the Chaſtiſement of a preſumptuous *Gaſcoigne* (pointing to *Calprenede*) who inſtead of aiding me againſt *Demoſthenes*, as he was obliged to have done, inſulted my Diſgrace and Mock'd me. I demand alſo Juſtice againſt that arrogant and jeering *Spaniard* (ſhewing *Miguel de Cervantes*) who not contented to have declined fighting for the *Moderns*, whoſe General he was, as well as I, prevented *Calprenede* from being condemned to the Puniſh-

ment he deſerved in the Council of War I aſſembled for that purpoſe.

God of the Learned, ſaid the Advocate of *Jean Maillard*'s Cauſe, I ſhall no more undertake to defend my ſelf than *Balſac*, I will make uſe of the Example he has given me, to have recourſe to your Clemency, to obtain Pardon for my Raſhneſs, and that of my Brethren the *French* Lawyers, whom you behold here aſſembled. We acknowledge, though late, the Error we have committed, in pretending to vie for Eloquence with our Maſters, and abjure the Action in your Preſence. Yet if our Crime admit of any Excuſe, give me leave to acquaint you we are not the moſt Guilty, the Puniſhment ought to fall upon the *Modern* Poet who excited us to this Revolt, by averring in pompous Verſe, that we were as wiſe as *Cicero* or *Demoſthenes*. You ſhall hear, if you pleaſe, how he has ſpoken of us and them,

Qu'ils viennent je le veux, mais que ſans avantage
Entre les Combatans le terrain ſe partage.

Yet ſhould the mighty Combitants engage
Ours would divide the Glory of the Day.

Who would have made a Scruple after this Magnificent Expreſſion, of meaſuring one Strength

Strength by theirs. 'Tis he that perſwaded me they had not ſo well ſucceeded as I did in the Defence of *Jean Maillard*'s Right, and he made us fancy we had Eloquence enough.

Pour défendre comme eux de Cliens couronnez
Et qu' un grand Peuple en foule accourant nous
(entendre
Eut declaré la Guerre au Peré d' Alexandre
Que nous étions plus qu' eux diſerts & véhémens
Que nous donnions eſſor aux plus grands move-
(mens.

Like them to plead the Cauſe of Crowned Heads
And move a powerful People to declare
Againſt great *Alexander*'s warlike Syre,
That our more Nervous and more Charming
(Turns,
Deeper Impreſſions on the Hearers made.

Indeed I muſt confeſs the following Verſes might have undeceiv'd, and acquainted us how little Title we had to thoſe unjuſt Praiſes; for continuing to ſpeak of us, he ſays,

Malgre les traits hardis de leur vive Eloquence
On voit noſvi eux Catons *ſur leurs riches tapis*
Tranquilles Auditeurs & ſouvent aſſoupis.

Maugre their ſprightly Turns of Eloquence
Unmoved our *Cato*'s ſet upon the Bench,
Nay oft' are Lull'd by the Harangue to Sleep.

Is not this telling us in other Terms, that our Pleadings are not worth a Farthing, that inſtead of attracting the Attention of our Learned Judges, and moving them by the Pathetick Figures of our Diſcourſe, as *Demoſthenes* did the *Athenians* by his excellent Speeches, we only make 'em Nod with our long and tedious Pleadings. Pardon us great Poet, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the Author of the new Poem, if we have not rightly apprehended the meaning of your Verſes, if we were not able to dive into your ingenious Raillery, which lies hidden under the ſeeming Praiſes you have given us.

Thus ended the Advocate, when *Apollo* ordered *Calprenede*, and *Miguel de Cervantes* to advance, the latter thus began,

Divine *Apollo*, I had reſolved to beſtow ſome Time upon cenſuring *Balſac*'s Works, and placing them amongſt the *Amadis*'s, and other ſcurvy Romances, which were found in *Don Quixot*'s Chamber after his firſt Expedition, and condemned to the Flames by the Curate: I deſigned to make him a new Romantick Hero, whom I would have made an *Orator Errant*, to attone for the Wrong he pretends I have done the *Moderns*, in preferring the *Ancients* to them. I intended to have beſtowed the Title of his Squire upon the Defender of *Jean Maillards* Cauſe, who ſhould have waited upon this new *Don Quixot*

Quixot in the illuſtrious Poſt of good *Sancho Panca:* But the Confeſſions they have made of their Ignorance has intirely diſarm'd me: And though *Balſac* has given ſignal proofs of his Reſentment againſt *Calprenede* and Me, yet we both beg Pardon for them, and deſire *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero* would intercede with you Majeſty to obtain it, ſince the intire Deſtruction of Two ſuch Enemies cannot contribute to the increaſe of their Glory.

When *Cervantes* had done ſpeaking, *Plato* having obtained Audience from *Apollo*, fetching a deep Sigh ſaid; Here you behold a Man expoſed to the moſt fatal Cataſtrophe that ever Author was threatned with; your Majeſty knows what veneration Antiquity always paid me, you know the glorious Name of *Divine* they honour'd me with; yet by a moſt unheard of Attempt, a certain *Modern* Poet has endeavour'd to rob me of this Title, and change it for another to my Diſhonour, as you may perceive by the following Verſes,

Platon qui fuit divin du tems de nos Aguex
Commence a devenir quelque fois en my eux.

Plato, by our Fore-fathers thought Divine,
Does now begin to Flag upon our Hands.

I muſt confeſs this Reflection does not fall upon me alone, at the ſame Inſtant he abuſes all thoſe who have reſpected me as *Divine*, as if they wanted Common Senſe, and moſt indiſputably, either he is or they were Block-heads, which Queſtion I moſt humbly implore your Majeſty to decide this Day; as alſo to do me Juſtice for the Four following Verſes, where he ſpeaks after this manner of ſome of my Pieces lately tranſlated into *French*

En vain ſon Traducteur partis an de l'Antique,
En conſerve la Grace & tout le ſet Attique,
Du Lecteur le plus aſpre & plus reſolu
Un Dialogue entier ne ſçauroit étre lû.

In vain *Maucroix* with partial Care has ſtrove
To ſave each Grace the *Attick* Salt preſerve,
Since ne'er was Reader yet ſo patient known,
Who could peruſe a ſingle Dialogue.

I demand theſe Verſes may be raſed out in open Court, as unjuſt and ſcandalous, and that all Readers for the future may be prohibited Nodding over my Works, upon pain of being declared Ignorant and of an ill Taſte.

Upon this *Boccalini*, who had engaged *Plato* with good Succeſs, advanced to defend theſe Verſes. I thought, ſaid he, addreſſing to *Apollo*, that after the Advantage I gain'd over

over this *Greek* Author at the Battle of *Helicon*, he would have had more Prudence than to have rais'd a Diſpute, which could only redound to his Diſgrace. I am of the ſame Opinion with him as to the Buſineſs of Morality, I approve the force of his Reaſons, behind which he knew ſo well how to Intrench himſelf: They ſhew beyond all Diſpute great Art, ſo likewiſe does his Addreſs in tacking ſeveral Arguments together, to conduct the Mind of his Auditor whether he pleaſes. He has made his *Socrates* ſpeak like a Prudent, Expert, and Moderate Man, he has given beautiful and noble Ideas of Virtue, and moved our Indignation againſt Vice. Yet for all this, I muſt agree with the *Modern* Poet he complains of; That the *Divine Plato* is ſometimes very tedious to his Reader, and doubt not but I could maintain this Opinion by good Reaſons, if I ſhould undertake to prove it.

In my Opinion indeed, purſued he, his Subject is one of the chief Cauſes, for Mankind naturally hate Dogmatick Diſcourſes, and the Reaſons that oppoſe the Torrent of their Paſſions; therefore are more delighted with Authors that treat on gayer Subjects, and take pleaſanter ways of inſtructing.

Another thing which contributes to our wearineſs when we read *Plato*'s Dialogues is, That

That inſtead of proving his Aſſertions in a few words, he makes ſuch Digreſſions and ſpins the Matter out to ſuch a length, that the Mind being cloy'd with the many uſeleſs Inductions he there explains, and might better have been omitted, Relaxes it ſelf, and is ſo fatigued it can never hold out to the end of the Diſcourſe.

Plato enraged at this Criticiſm was prepar'd for a Reply, and deſigned to have Cut to pieces many of thoſe baſe Turns, and unjuſt Thoughts, which he found in great Number amongſt *Boccalini*'s Works, after the Battle of *Helicon*, and whereof he had made an exact Catalogue. But he was interrupted by *Ariſtotle*, who preſented himſelf in a Rage before *Apollo:* Mighty God, ſaid he, I demand Juſtice againſt a *French* Poet, who has been ſo hardy to ſpeak againſt me in theſe Terms.

Chá cun ſçait la dé cri du fameux Ariſtote,
En Phiſique moin ſeur qu' en Hiſtorie Herodote,
Ses eſcrits qnicharmoient les plus intellingens,
Sont a piene reçus de nos moind res Regens.

How much has *Ariſtotle* been extol'd?
Yet leſs infallible in Phſicks he
Then in Hiſtorie Truths *Herodotus*
His Works whoſe Beauties Charm the wiſer ſort,
Our younger Regents difficultly Taſte.

I thought, purſued he, no Man would have placed me in ſo bad Company, after I had the Honour to Inſtruct with ſo much Succeſs, the * Maſter of the Univerſe: But I ſhould injure the *Moderns* to imagin they had the leaſt regard to the Sentiments of this Poet: And though the Regents learn my Philoſophy in their Colleges, this does not in the leaſt prevent my Reigning, as I uſually do in the Cabinets of Princes in their Libraries, and thoſe Arts of the Learned. Wherefore, puiſſant God, I demand this Poet may be treated like a Slanderer, or obliged to prove what he has aſſerted.

* *He was* Alexander's *Tutor.*

Upon that a certain *Modern* preſſing thro' the Crowd, preſented himſelf before *Apollo*, ſaying, Behold here I am ready to maintain what the Poet has averr'd. The Boldneſs of profer made the whole Aſſembly caſt their Eyes upon this *Modern*, to whom the Learned of his Party paid a profound Deference: And he was quickly diſcover'd to be the famous *Deſcartes*, as great a Philoſopher as a Mathematician. This dreadful deſtroyer of ancient Syſtems addreſſing himſelf to *Apollo*, ſpake thus; What I ſhall ſay in Defence of the *Modern* Poet ought to meet with the greater Credit, becauſe I have no particular Intereſt to maintain what he has aſſerted, ſince he has not thought convenient to give me any Place amongſt his *Modern* Party, tho' perhaps

perhaps I might have flatter'd my ſelf ſo far to Fancy I ſhould not have weakned them, that my daring Diſcoveries might have maintain'd their Ground, and it may be not have proved altogether uſeleſs in obtaining the propoſed Advantage over the *Ancients*. 'Tis Truth therefore alone which forces me to ſpeak, I honour the great *Ariſtotle* as I ought, I eſteem his *Dialecticks*, his *Morals*, his *Politicks*, his *Rhetorick*, and his *Poetry*, as thoſe beautiful Works deſerve: But I muſt take the Freedom to tell him, he never was a *Phyſician*, and the Treatiſes he has left us upon this Subject, prove what I ſay beyond all Contradiction. We need not only view his confuſed Syſtem of the World to be convinced of this; and that I may not diminiſh the force of thoſe Reproaches the *Modern* Poet has given hm by my Expreſſion, I ſhall repeat the excellent Verſes he has made uſe of upon this Occaſion.

Chez lui ſans nul égard des veritables Cauſes,
De Simples qualitez operoient touts choſes,
Et ſon Siſteme obſcur rouloit tout ſur ce point
En' une choſe ſe fait de ce qu' elle n'eſt point.
D'une e'paiſſe vapeur ſe formoit la Comete,
Sur un ſolide Ciel Rouloit chaque Planete,
Et tous les autres feux dans leurs vaſes dorez
Pendoient du riche fond des Lambris azurez.

For

For he without regard to Real Cauſes
Makes ſimple Qualities all Things effect
And his obſcure Hypotheſis on this depends,
That Beings were of Non-exiſtents form'd,
That fiery Comets from groſs Vapors riſe,
That Planets role about the Firmament,
And all the reſt of the Celeſtial Fires
Hang in the Ceiling of the azure Sky.

How could you imagine, perſued *Deſcartes*, ſpeaking to *Ariſtotle*, that *Privation* was one of the Principles of *Entity*? How could you fancy *Comets* to be any thing elſe but *fiery Exhalations*? And how came you to place them below the Moon? Had you known how to have made juſt Obſervations, you might eaſily have diſcovered, that theſe great *Phenomenas* were vagrant Stars whirld about in different Vortexes, which render their Courſe ſo uncertain, and that theſe Stars are not only above the Moon, but even higher than *Saturn*, who is the fartheſt diſtant of any Planets in our Vortex. Your Ideas certainly were very narrow, or you had never repreſented the Stars as if they were tied to the Solid and Diaphanous Heaven by a Knot. Was it poſſible for you to behold theſe Fires, which are powerful enough to pierce thro' our Vortex and ſtrike the Tunic of our Eyes with their Rays, which partake of their lively Light, notwithſtanding at ſo vaſt Diſtance,

Diſtance, and not eſteem them as ſo many Suns which form'd as many ſeveral Vortex's?

Ariſtotle finding himſelf hard preſſed by this new Doctrine which overturn'd his whole Syſtem, here interrupted *Deſcartes*, and to Intereſt *Apollo* in the Quarrel, you perceive Divine *Phœbus*, ſaid he, the boldneſs of this *Modern*, not content to have overthrown my Philoſophy, he undertakes to give you Equals, who have always been eſteemed the only Source of Light: He creates new Suns, and believes they enlighten other Worlds, whether your Rays have never pierced. Puniſh therefore this new *Prometheus* who is come hither to ſteal away your Fires to inrich new Worlds. And to convine your Majeſty, that this is a Conſpiracy amongſt all the *Moderns*, againſt your Authority and Unity, you ſhall hear what this raſh Poet has ſaid,

Dans l'enclos incertain de ce vaſt Univers
Mille mondes nove aux ont éte découvert
Et de nouveaux ſoliels, quand la nuit tend ſes voiles,
Egalent deſormais le nombre des Etioles.

Within th' uncertain Limits of this Globe
New Worlds a Thouſand have been ſince deſcryed,
And when the Night her ſable Mantle ſpreads
New Suns in Number equal to the Stars.

Apollo

Apollo, who was ſatisfied in his Conſcience, that the fixed Stars were not indebted to him for their Light, as the *Ancients* fancied, did not think proper to ſuffer this Matter to be farther ſearched into by a long Diſpute; wherefore, without declaring his Thoughts, I would reconcile you, ſaid he, Let the Chiefs of both Parties, and all the World beſides retire to attend my Deciſions. But the *Muſes* may ſtay to be the Depoſitaries of thoſe Oracles I am about to pronounce.

Upon this Order the *Ancients* and *Moderns* immediately retired, dividing themſelves; and both Re-mounted their reſpective Summits of *Parnaſſus*.

The Contents of the Tenth Book.

The Diſcourſe of the Ancient Painters upon the new Poem. The Complaints of Raphael, Urbin, *and* Hannibal Caracchio. *The Diſcourſe of* Praxiteles *and* Phidias. *That of the Chevalier* Bernini *to the Ancient Statuaries.* Orpheus's *Alarm upon the Recital in Verſe of* Lully's Operas. *The Diſcourſe of an* Italian *Muſician to* Orpheus. *A Criticiſm upon Opera's. The Arrival of* Lully

Lully *at* Parnaſſus. *His Propoſals to* Orpheus. Orpheus's *Anſwer.*

THE Poem of Diſcord having extended the Spirit of Diviſion even amongſt the moſt remote Inhabitants of *Parnaſſus*, it raiſed the Ambition of the Painters, Sculptors, and Muſicians: *Zeuxis*'s and *Paraſius* were not a little diſturbed to find this *Modern Poet* had taken Advantage of their former Differences to detract from the Reputation of their Works, ſaying

Ces Peintres, ſi fameux des ſiecles plus agez
De talens in ouis furent ils partagez
Et le doit-on juger par les rares merveilles,
Dont leurs admirateurs rempliſſent nos oreilles
Faut il un ſi grand art pour tromper un viſeau?
Un peintre eſt-ill par fait pour lieu peindre un (rideau.

Theſe Painters ſo renoun'd in Ages paſt
Unheard of Talents wondrous Arts poſſeſt,
As we by the Performances may judge;
Their zealous Votaries ſo oft repeat
Great Maſtery indeed to cheat a Bird,
Surprizing work a Curtain to deſcribe.

I believe, ſaid *Zeuxis*, theſe *Modern* Painters whom the Poet prefers to us, never yet put the ſame Deceit upon Birds. And I fancy, added,

added *Parraſius*, never any of them found himſelf inclined to open a Curtain drawn by one of his Cotemporaries. And our Diſpute is ſo far from having diminiſhed the Value of our Works, that even our Miſtakes may ſerves to convince the World how far we ſurpaſs them.

It is not upon ſo ſmall an Eſſay, purſued *Zeuxis*, they ſhould form a Judgment of my Merit, let them behold my *Helen*, in whom are united all the Charms of the Five moſt beautiful Perſons in *Greece*: In my *Penelope* they may ſee Modeſty and Beauty ſtriving for the Maſtery. Let them conſider my *Atalanta*, my *God-Pan*, my *Wreſtler*, my *Jupiter* environ'd with all the Gods, my *Hercules* ſtrangling a Serpent in his Cradle before *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena*, let them view ſeveral other of my excellent Works, and in fine the Picture of my Old Woman, whoſe fatal view made me Expire with Laughture.

Apelles, *Protogenes*, and *Thimantus* joyning the Diſcourſe: Let them propoſe any of their Pieces worthy to compare with mine on the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, ſaid *Thimantus*, which was admired by all *Greece* for the various Expreſſions of Grief and Pity I have delineated in the Face of each Aſſiſtant, in proportion to their peculiar Concern: Add to this my Art in drawing *Aga-*

memnon's Viſage cover'd with a Vail, to ſhew, that the Grief of this afflicted Father was beyond the reach of the moſt lively Pencils. Let them behold my ſleeping *Cyclops*, where notwithſtanding the narrow compaſs of the Picture, I have artificially deſcribed him in a Gigantick Stature, by the little Satyrs who meaſure the Circumference of his Thumb.

How comes it, ſaid *Protogenes* to *Apelles*, this *Modern* Poet ſhould pretend to convince us of Ignorance in our Art, by ſaying,

Et fut ce un coup de l'art ſi digne qu' enl' honore,
De fendre un mince trait d' un trait plus mince encore.

Muſt then this Artful ſtroak ſuch Honor claim,
Becauſe the greater Trifle gain'd the Day?

And afterwards by adding theſe Two ſcandalous Verſes,

A piene maintenant tes Exploits ſinguliers
Seroient le coup d' eſſay des moindres Ecoliers.

Theſe glorious feats would hardly now be deem'd
Ev'n Eſſays worthy of a Scholars hand.

Indeed

Indeed continued *Protogenes*, he ſpeaks like a Scholar in an Art, wherein he fancies himſelf a deciſive Judge. Does not he know that *Apelles* and I never did any thing ſo extraordinary, as ſtriking Three little ſtrokes of different Colours one within another? And I defie the greateſt Painters of his Time to a tryal of this Nature. But who ſhall decide the Cauſe? Is he ignorant how much my Labours have been admired by Antiquity? Has he forgotten that King *Demetrius* Sirnamed *the Taker of Towns*, loſt *Rhodes* for want of Attacking it in the weakeſt part, becauſe he was apprehenſive of Burning a curious piece of Mine that was kept there, which he had a Mind to preſerve? Does he not know this very Picture of * *Jalyſus* was afterwards carried to *Rome*, preſerved with the greateſt Care by ſeveral Emperors, and continued one of the greateſt Ornaments of the Temple of Peace under *Veſpaſian*.

* *A great Hunter, who Built a Town in that Iſland to which he left his Name.*

I believe, ſaid *Apelles*, no Painter amongſt the *Moderns* ever receiv'd thoſe diſtinguiſhing Marks of Honour which I met with from *Alexander*, for not to mention the ſole Privilege of drawing his Picture, never Artiſt charm'd a Monarch to ſuch a degree, as to engage him to part with a Miſtreſs, as this Conqueror did, when he beſtow'd the Beautiful *Campoſpe* of *Lariſſa* upon me for a Wife, though he paſſionately loved her himſelf;

becauſe he perceived I was deſperately ſmitten with painting her Naked according to his Order.

Raphael of *Urbino*, with the Painters of his School, and the *Caracchios* followed by thoſe of *Lombardy*, ſhew'd how angry they were at the Verſes he made of them, thus addreſſing himſelf to Painting,

De votre art cependant le ſecret plus rare
Ne leur fuit deparey que d' une main avare
Le plus Docte d' entr' eux, ne ſcut que foiblement
Du clair & de l' obſcur l' heureux menagement
Ou ne rencontre point dans leur ſimple maniere
Le Merveilleux effet de ce point de lumiere
Qui ſur un ſeul endroit vif & reſplendiſſant
Va de tous les Cotez toujours ſ' affoibliſſant.

And yet the hidden Secrets of your Art
To theſe were but imparted with a ſparing (Hand
For the renowned ſt Maſters of that Age
Knew not the management of Lights & Shades
Nor can we find in their unartful Works
The wonderful Effect of this Improvement,
Which by one lively and reſplendent Touch
Makes all around ſeem feeble to the Eye.

Certainly, ſaid *Hannibal Caracchio*, this *Modern* Poet, who ſets up for a ſovereign Judge in our Art, was very Ignorant in the Matter,

Matter, or elſe he muſt have known that *Italy* eſteem'd me and my Scholars, as the firſt Maſters and Models of that Management he ſays we wanted.

But, ſaid *Raphael*, do not you wonder, that upon a Pretence equally vain and unjuſt, he ſhould ſet up one ſingle living Painter againſt us and all Antiquity; that he ſhould ſo imprudently engage us in the *Ancients* Party? Could he be guilty of a more palpable Treaſon againſt the *Moderns* than this? What Glory ſhould not we have obtained by the Defeat of *Apelles Zeuxes*, and thoſe other Champions *Greece* would in vain have oppoſed to us? He little thought whilſt he flattered his Friend, how many Dangers he expoſed him to, he did not foreſee he had taken the readieſt way to enſure his Defeat by making him claſh with all his Maſters. And his Flattery or Prejudice was ſo very powerful, he has neglected to fortifie his Party with *Pouſſin*, the greateſt Painter his Country e're produced. But not to mention the many Advantages I have over all the Painters that came after me, as well as thoſe that went before: I will only ſend this Poet to view my Pictures in the Vatican; from thence he may collect, whether I underſtood the uſe of Lights, and Shades, and Whether,

Les plus foibles lointains & les plus effacez
Sont comme les devans distinctement tracez.

The weakeſt deepnings, and the moſt effaced,
Seem like the neareſt and lateſt drawn.

But if this *Modern* Painter is ſo hardy to maintain what the Poet has aſſerted in his Favour, he need only expoſe his Works by mine, that the Learned may compare and judge, whether he has ſurpaſs'd me in any particular of our Art.

Non loin du beau ſejour de l'amiable Peinture
Habite pour jamais la tardive Sculpture.

Not far removed from Lovely Paintings Seat
Was younger Sculpture's Manſion always fix'd.

And here it was the Ancient Sculptors diſcours'd upon the Criticiſm this *Modern* Poet had made upon their Works.

We muſt no longer Diſpute the Preference with each other, ſaid *Praxiteles* to *Phidias*, ſince the famous *Girardon*, the two *Gaſpards*, and the graceful *Baptiſte* have robb'd us of our Glory, their Works have ſurpaſs'd ours, and they will be Immortal as well as we.

Lorſqu' il leur manquera quelque Bras quelque nez

When Time ſhall have deſtroy'd a Noſe or Arm

My

My *Cuidian Venus* Men have travelled ſo far to ſee, and the reſt of my Works, are not worthy to be compared to the Excellency of Theirs: And I am mightily impatient to ſee theſe new Hero's of our Art, that I may learn from them what we are ignorant of. The *Modern* Poet has told us before hand the Defects of the moſt beautiful Remains belonging to our Brethren the Ancient Sculptures.

*Que de * Loocoon le taille venerable,*
De celle de ſes fils eſt trop diſſemblable,
Et que les moites Corps des ſerpents inhumains,
Au lieu de deux enfans envelopent deux nains,
Que le fam eux Hercule a diverſes parties,
Par des muſcles trop forts un peu trop reſſentres.

The Stature of of the good *Loocoon*
Bear not the leaſt proportion to his Sons,
The ſlimy Bodies of the furious Snakes
Graſp not his Children but incircle Dwarfs.
Nay *Hercules* by ſome has been condemn'd,
Becauſe his Muſcles Natures bounds exceed.

Let us haſten then, purſued *Praxiteles*, to pay Homage to our new Maſters, and correct

* *This Piece is ſtill to be ſeen at* Rome *intire, it was made by Three famous Ancient Statuaries of* Rhodes, Ageſander, Polidorus *and* Antenodorus.

our Faults by thoſe excellent Pieces they have produced, from thence we learn not only the due proportions, but even the lively, the natural Expreſſion, that tender and graceful Air wherewith they alone knew how to embelliſh their Works.

We will go, reply'd *Phidias*, being followed by *Liſippus*, *Polictetes*, *Miron*, *Iphicles*, and ſeveral other famous Ancient Statuaries, to behold theſe new Prodigies that have eclipſed our Glory, and correct our own Works, if there be occaſion by theirs.

Alas! ſaid a *Modern* Sculptor, who put in with their Diſcourſe, and was known to be the Chevalier *Bernini*, do you believe upon the Teſtimony of this Poet, that the Graceful *Baptiſti*, and the two Brothers *Gaſpards*, knew more than you? No, I aſſure you my illuſtrious Maſters, ſaid he, I am well acquainted with 'em, and know they are not ſo hardy to pretend to Vie with you; they perfectly knew the vaſt difference between your Performances and theirs. Nay, had *Michael Angelo* and I, who have acquired ſome Reputation been added by the *Modern* Poet to their ſide, as he ought to have placed us, if he deſigned to fortifie his Party; notwithſtanding we had paid you all the Homage that is your due. Blame not us therefore, becauſe the Poet has made ſo unjuſt a Compariſon, but eſteem it a flight

of

of his Wit to maintain a Paradox, as that ancient Orator once did, who made a Panegyric in praiſe of a Quartian Ague, or rather look upon it as a fooliſh Action, which a paſſion for his Age made him guilty of, having the ſame Effect upon him, the Love of his Country had upon *Decius*, who devoted himſelf for the publick Good.

This Diſcourſe of the Chevalier *Bernini*, who was lately Arrived from the Living, put freſh Courage into the *Ancient* Statuaries that had been mightily alarm'd on the Recital of the new Poem. Nor was the Diſturbance leſs in the Muſicians Quarter, *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, and *Arion* were ſtrangely frightned at the bare Name of *Lulli*, and the pompous Deſcription of his Opera's expreſſed in theſe Verſes.

Quand la toile ſe leve & que les ſons charmans,
D'un in ombrable amas de divers inſtruments,
Forment cette éclatante & grave Simphonie,
Qui ravit tous les ſens par ſa noble harmonie,
Et per qui le moins tendre en ce premier moment
Sent tout ſon Corps émû d'un doux fremiſſement,
Ou quand d' aimables voix que la ſcene raſſemble
Mêlent leurs divers chants & leurs plaintes en-
ſemble,
Et par de longs accords de leur triſte langueur
Penetrent juſqu' au fond le moins ſenſible Caur.

When

When the Scene opens, and the charming Sounds
Made by the Tone of various Inſtruments
Compoſe the Grave, yet ſprightly Symphonie,
Harmonious Notes enchant the Hearers Soul,
And even *Stoicks* in a Moment find
Their Senſes forced to own the Magic Power,
So when ſoft Voices in the Chorus joyn'd,
Their various Accents moving Quavers mix,
The laſting Concord of the doleful Strein
Compaſſion from the moſt obdurate draws.

What can we oppoſe, ſaid *Orpheus* with a deep ſigh to all theſe Wonders, it muſt be own'd I made the Beaſts of the Forreſt follow me: But *Lully* has cauſed himſelf to be followed and admired even by Poſite Men.

Do you think, ſaid an *Italian* Muſician lately Arrived from the other World, who had a Mind to divert him, that the greateſt part of thoſe Men who follow *Lully* ſo eagerly, are better skill'd in Muſick than the Beaſts that attended you? And don't you believe they are greater Beaſts than yours, who continually carry their Money to his Opera, there to hear the ſame things Fifty times over? Be comforted Divine *Orpheus*, I am one of your Profeſſion, and if you'l voutſafe me a favourable Audience I will make it appear theſe Opera's which make ſo great a Noiſe, are not of that Value the World fancies 'em.

Orpheus

Orpheus being ravished to find a *Modern* that was ready to acquaint him with the Defects of *Lully*'s Opera, very kindly caress'd him, and desired he would proceed with the promised Account.

This *Modern* Poet, pursued the *Italian*, had reason to boast of the Symphony of *French* Opera's which are excellently well composed, of a vast Quantity of various kinds of Instruments, as he has taken Notice whose Justice and Harmony agreeably surprize at the drawing up of the Curtain. But that which comes after falls very far short of it; for when single Voices represent a Dramatick Piece in Musick, which is frequently ill Written, and worse composed, instead of moving their Auditors with their mournful Accents; they only make a feeble Sound, which is almost drowned by the Harpsicords, Theorbo's, and other Instruments of the *Orchestrum*, that make the Company lose part of the Air, and almost all the Words. Amongst the many Actresses they have, you shall hardly find one that Sings loud enough to be understood; and amongst those very few that do, the Sound is always so harsh and unskilful, it is more proper to Wound, than agreeably entertain the Ears of the Auditors. Not but *France* does not produce Women with soft Voices as well as *Italy*, if the Masters would take the like Care to Choose and Instruct

ſtruct 'em, if they would expend as much Money upon the *French Opera*'s as is laid out on thoſe of *Venice*, where the beſt Voices in *Italy* are aſſembled. But *Lully* having the Fortune to meet with a People eaſier to be pleaſed, who are not capable of reliſhing better Compoſitions, who pay him better for hearing indifferent Voices, than *Italians* do for the moſt excellent; he has thought convenient to ſave himſelf the Trouble and Expence of finding them.

Amongſt the Singers in his *Opera* there are ſome Baſes and Tenors well enough in their kinds, but none beyond thoſe worth any thing for want of a certain kind of Men without Beards, which are plentifnl in *Italy*. As for the other Voices that make up the *Corus*, they are but indifferent, and only ſerve to augment the Noiſe, which is ſo much too great in proportion for the Bigneſs of the Place, that few People leave the Theater after three Hours attendance without the Head-ach, and frequent Gaping: Yet all the World go thither to Nod away their Time, becauſe 'tis the Faſhion. So good humour'd a People are the *French*, ſo much enſlaved to the Mode, and ſo obedient to every thing that preſcribes, they renounce their own Judgment purely in Complyance with it. 'Tis this which deprives 'em both of the Senſe and Power to oppoſe the Torrent of the

People

People who have no Taſte, and prevents their Undertaking to convince 'em of the many Errors which are in this kind of Entertainment. Yet, Divine *Orpheus*, was you to hear the long and tedious Repetitions of theſe Opera's, which engroſs ſo much Time, you would be ſurpriz'd at the Eaſineſs and Patience of this good Nation, and be of Opinion, that the Auditors inſtead of paying the Muſician ſo well as they do, ought to be rewarded for their loſs of Time. I muſt own by way of Interval there are ſometimes a few agreeable Airs, ſprightly and moving Turns which raiſe the Attention. The dancing Tunes have a lively Cadence, and contribute much to the Perfection of the Dance, wherein the *French* excel all other Nations, which makes one of the moſt conſiderable Ornaments of the Show. The Conſorts of Violins, Flutes, and Hautboys make a juſt and admirable Symphony: But without them no Body would have the Patience to be lock'd up three Hours together, to hear the Singing Men and Women give an Account of fooliſh Adventures, which equally ſhock your Underſtanding and Belief: Dull Diſcourſes, low Dialogues, which have no effect upon the Audience, are very improper to be Sung, and but ill Suited to prevent that Drowſineſs which ſuch flat Repetitions in Muſick; of Notes ſo much reſembling each other, muſt neceſſarily

neceſſarily cauſe in each judicious Man, where the Paſſions are not expreſs'd, and where there is ſo little Art, that I have often heard indifferent Singers make as good *extempore*, and ſo much reſembling 'em, you would eaſily have been perſwaded to believe 'em *Lully*'s. Not but *Lully* perhaps is one of the chief Muſicians of his Age, and the moſt fertile Genius. But having Compoſed rather for Profit, than Glory, he has not taken ſo much Care to poliſh his Works; and for this Reaſon you ſhall find many indifferent Turns mixed with admirable Scraps of Muſick. Another Cauſe of this is, that he is become abſolute Governor of this kind of Entertainment, and has made the Poet intirely ſubject to the Muſician; whereas the Muſician ought to humour the Poet's Ideas, only imploy his Art to heighten the Force of the Expreſſion, and add new Vigour by Sounds appropriated to the particular Subject of the Poet's Paſſions in ſuch Pieces as are proper to be Sung: But the reſt of the Work which is not ſo ſuſceptible of the Ornaments of Muſick, ſhould be only repeated by good Actors, who much more agreeably repreſent Diſcourſe or common Actions, than Singers. This Cuſtom was formerly practiſed in *France* with ſuch Succeſs in their mixt Entertainments, which were much more agreeable than either *Lully*'s Opera's, or thoſe

thoſe of *Italy*. For though the latter have not all the ſame Defects with thoſe of *France*, becauſe their Repetitions are oftner varied and enliven'd with more Turns of Paſſion, which our Muſicians know better how to expreſs than theirs, and have infinitely the Advantage in their Voices; yet one great Ornament they are deprived of, which conſiſts in the beautiful Entry of the *Ballet* made up of Men and Women, who in *France* Dance with ſo much Juſtice and Agreement: Nor have they the ſame Magnificence or Fancy in the Choice of their Actors Habits.

Orpheus return'd the *Italian* Muſician many Thanks for the Inſight he had given him in Opera's, and they had no ſooner ended their Diſcourſe, but the famous *Lully* being lately come from the Land of the Living, arrived at the Muſicians Quarter in *Parnaſſus*, and demanded an Audience.

Orpheus gave Orders he ſhould be admitted, and when he came gave him to underſtand, how happy he ſhould think himſelf in his Acquaintance. 'Tis now a long Time (ſaid *Lulli*, accoſting him with a ſprightly Air) ſince I firſt heard you mention'd as a skilful Perſon in our Profeſſion. I hear you play extreamly well upon the Harp, that you have compoſed Airs, ſprightly and charming enough to move the Infernal Shades, and retrieve your Wife from thence: But

after

after having ſeriouſly conſidered of what you had done, and of the dangerous Conſequences of ſuch an Enterpriſe, you fortunately caſt your Eye upon her, contrary to *Pluto*'s Commands, which deprived you of the Reward your Labours. Thus at once you acquired the Reputation of a good Huſband and a skilful Muſician, without being troubled with the Inconvenience of a Wife. For my part I play a tolerable Fiddle, and am thought a good Compoſer. Inſtead therefore of making War, if you pleaſe we'l enter into a League together, and not Quarrel, as I am informed thoſe fooliſh Poets and Orators do for the Preference in their Art. We'l repreſent an Opera which will bring us in a good Sum of Money. The *Greeks* for ought I perceive, are not leſs ſtock'd with Curioſity, as to the Buſineſs of Muſick then my Countrymen, we cannot want Poets here to make Verſes for us, *Apollo* ſhall lend us his Mount *Parnaſſus* for a Theater; *Pegaſus* will be of ſingular uſe for flying Machines: The nine Muſes ſhall ſerve us for Voices and Inſtruments, and *Apollo* ſhall deſcend playing upon his Lyre, or Singing in his Chariot of Light, as I have made him in the Palace Royal at the Concluſion of many of my Opera's.

I have heard ſome Diſcourſe, purſued he, of a certain Flute Maſter, who belong'd to Queen

Queen *Clitemneſtra*, he muſt certainly be here I would be glad to know, whether he may be of any uſe to us in our Symphony, and if he plays ſo well as *Des Coteaux?* Your *Ancients* have rendred him very remarkable by the power they attribute to his Muſick, when they would perſwade us it inſpired Chaſtity, as our *Modern* Poet ſays in theſe Verſes, ſpeaking of *Greece.*

Elle ſe vante encore qu' ell eut une Maſique
Utile au dernier point dans une Republique
Qui de tout fol amour amortiſſeit l' ardeur
Et du ſexe charmant conſervoit la pudeur
*Qu 'une Regne * autrefois peur l'avoir écouteé*
Feut pres d'un luſtre entier en vain ſolliciteé
Mais qu 'elle ſuccumba dés que ſon ſeducteur
Eut chaſſe d' aupres d' elle un excellent fleuteur
Dont pendant tout ce temps la haut ſuffiſance
Avoit de cent périls guarde ſon Innocence.

* Clytemneſtre.

Nay more ſhe makes her boaſts of Harmony,
Which might to States of great Importance prove,
Whoſe Notes extinguiſh all unlawful Flames,
Protect the brittle Virtue of the Fair.
Thus lovely *Clytemneſtra* once ſecured
Unmoved withſtood the falſe Seducers Arts;
Whilſt the Flute Maſter ſtay'd, in vain he ſued,
Him once expell'd, the Charm of Courſe diſſolved,

Which from thoſe Dangers had preſerved the (Queen;
And ſhe confeſſed the Frailty of her Sex.

For my part, added he, I muſt confeſs my Works have had a quite contrary Effect, that I have labour'd with Succeſs to corrupt the Age I lived in; however they deſerve not the leſs Applauſe, ſince we both attain'd the End we deſired.

Orpheus was ſurprized at *Lulli*'s Diſcourſe, but above all, admired with what Aſſurance he propoſed making uſe of the *Muſes*, and *Apollo* himſelf to ſatisfie his immoderate and eternal deſire of Money. We know no other Intereſt in this Country, anſwer'd *Orpheus*, but that of Glory, then you are a parcel of Fools, and not worthy to be of my Party, replyed *Lulli*, leaving the Place, and turning his Body into ſeveral Buffoon *Poſtures*.

The Contents of the Eleventh Book.

Apollo *ſummons all the* Ancients *and* Moderns *to attend the Publication of his Decrees. The Muſe* Clio *reads them. The Edicts of* Apollo *for the Poets and Orators, as well* Ancient *as* Modern. *His Judgment upon the new*

new Poem. His Diſcourſe to the two Modern *Poets that went to aſſiſt the* Ancients. *His Propheſy about the King's Glory.*

MEAN while *Apollo* having dictated his Laws to the Muſe *Clio*, who by his Orders committed them to Writing; he diſpatch'd *Calliope* to give the *Ancient* and *Modern* Poets and Orators Notice to return and attend to the Publication of his Edict. After he had deſcended from the two Summits of the Mountain, (whether they had retired by his Orders) and taken their Places round about his Majeſty, and the Nine *Muſes*. The Sage *Clio* read with a laudible Voice the following Ordinances.

I. *Apollo* orders, that all the *Ancients* and *Moderns* his Subjects, ſhall forget the Injudone or receiv'd on either Side; and re-eſtabliſh among themſelves a perfect Union, Friendſhip, and Correſpondence.

II. It is his Pleaſure the *Moderns* ſhould frequently read the *Ancients* Works, and take abundance of Pains to immitate them, without apprehenſion of being uſed as Thieves or Plagiaries. Allowing them free leave to add to the formers Inventions, and make them more perfect if they are able, upon Condition they never tranſgreſs the

Rules eſtabliſh'd by the *Ancient* Maſters of the Art, as well in Poetry as Eloquence, and that they never pretend to make new of their own, upon Pain of being treated as Innovators and Corruptors of the Purity of the Laws of his Empire.

III. He confirms to *Homer* the poſſeſſion of thoſe glorious Titles he has ſo juſtly acquired of the greateſt Poet, and moſt ſublime Genius that ever lived. He commands all Poets, as well *Ancient* as *Modern*, to acknowledge him as ſuch (notwithſtanding all the vain Remonſtrances of *Homeromaſticks*, Modern Criticks, and Demy Wits, who are unacquainted with the true Beauties of Poetry) and orders 'em carefully to immitate his lofty Ideas; eſpecially the Lofty Characters he beſtows upon the Hero's of his *Iliads*, the Fertility of his beautiful and noble Fictions, his rich, his plentiful and pompous Deſcriptions, and the admirable Melody of his Verſe.

IV. He orders all the *Modern* Poets to Paint the Hero's they deſign to repreſent conformable to the Cuſtom of the Times they lived in; without the leaſt regard to their own Age, though their Hero's ſhould be accounted brutiſh and unpolite by pragmatical and ignorant Readers: But he abſolutely

lutely forbids 'em haranguing like thoſe of the *Iliads* upon the Heroick Acts of their Anceſtors, when they are juſt ready to engage; it being his Pleaſure ſuch recitals ſhould be remitted to a more convenient Time.

V. He eſtabliſhes the *Buckler of Achilles* in the ſame Reputation it had born for ſo many Ages, of a beautiful, noble, and rich Invention: for all the *Modern* Poets remark, that too much Work was cramm'd into ſo ſmall a Compaſs.

VI. He grants to the Gardens of *Verſailles* the Title of the moſt beautiful and magnificent that ever were: But inſtead of condemning *Homer* for the agreeable Deſcriptions he has made of thoſe belonging to *Alcinous* King of *Pheacres*, he applauds his Judgment for having ſo well adjuſted 'em to the Notion he deſigned to give his Reader of that Prince.

VII. It is his Pleaſure, that *Virgil* ſhould throughout all his Empire be acknowledged the greateſt Poet next to *Homer*, the moſt perfect Model amongſt the *Latins*; and that all the *Moderns* who underſtand not *Greek*, ſhould read him inſtead of *Homer*; to learn from his Labours juſt and lofty Idea's of

Poetry, and how great the Efficacy of Words is ſo melodious, well choſen and diſpoſed at *Virgil*'s, in a Poem ſo perfectly Harmonious as his. That from his Example they may know how to adorn their Works with noble Inventions, rich and elegant Deſcriptions, beautiful and juſt Compariſons, and plenty of Figures judiciouſly placed.

VIII. He permits 'em however to form their Hero's after a different Model from that of *Eneas*, to make 'em leſs addicted to Weeping, more generous to a conquer'd Enemy that begs his Life, juſter and more grateful to thoſe Queens who have aſſiſted them during their Diſtreſs, and forbids them making any Princeſſes in Love before they were born *.

IX. He confirms to each Poet, *Greek* and *Latin*, the Places granted them, when they were choſen Chiefs of the ſeveral kinds of Poetry.

X. He declares the Place of firſt Epick Poet amongſt the *Moderns* vacant, for want of a Perſon worthy to enjoy the Title, either amongſt the *French*, *Italians* or *Spaniards*; and excludes all ſuch as have ever yet pretended to it.

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* Dido *was not Born till about* 250 *Years after* Æneas, *with whom* Virgil *makes her in Love.*

XI. He

XI. He exhorts all the Poets of theſe three Nations, as well thoſe that are already Born, as thoſe that ſhall be Born hereafter to aſpire to this glorious Title, by carefully ſtudying *Homer* and *Virgil*, as the two only Models they ſhould follow, carefully to avoid the Examples of any other Poets, either *Ancient* or *Modern*, as pernicions capable of depraving their Taſte, filling them with falſe Ideas and extravagant Thoughts.

XII. He for ever baniſhes from Epick Poems, all Magicians, Sorcerers, Enchanters, and other extravagant Ideas to be found in Romances of Knight Errantry, and ſeveral Modern Poems. Expreſly prohibiting all Poets making uſe of any other Fictions but thoſe copied after the Fables of the *Ancients*, upon pain of being declared Viſionary Poets, and for ever excluded from mounting *Parnaſſus*.

XIII. He declares *Corneille* and *Racine* the two firſt Dramatick Poets amongſt the *Moderns*; the Ornaments of their Age, equal in Merit, though of different Characters, he compares them to *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, commanding, that hereafter *Corneille* ſhall be called *Sophocles*, *Racine* the *Euripides* of *France*: And that in exchange, *Euripides* and *Sophocles* ſhall be ſtiled the *Racine*, and

Corneille of *Greece*, to denote the perfect Equality between these four excellent Poets.

XIV. The like equality he decrees between *Horace* and *Boileau* in the Satyric Kind, commanding *Boileau* shall be called the French *Horace*, *Horace* the Latin *Boileau*. That the *French* Poets *Poetick* Art shall be frequently read and committed to Memory by all the Poets Born, or to be Born, upon pain of being declared unworthy the Title: And by that his *Lutrin* shall take the Right-hand of *Tassoni*'s *Secchia Rapita*, which two are joyntly to serve for Models in their kind, to all Poets that shall follow them.

XV. He places *Moliere* in the same Degree with *Menander*, *Aristophanes* and *Terence*, ordes he shall take Place of *Plautus*, and that his four excellent Pieces, the *Misanthrope*, *Femmes Scavantes*, *Le Tartuffe* and *L'ecole des Femmes*, shall be esteemed by all Posterity as perfect Originals in the Comic kind, and serve for Examples to all such as shall hereafter attempt to signalize themselves in that sort of Poetry.

XVI. He preserves for the Works of *Voiture* and *Sarasin*, all those Graces the Deputies of the *Ancients* acknowledged them to possess in the Name of their Party.

XVII.

XVII. He confirms to the other *Modern* Poets the ſeveral Degrees allotted them by their Brethren at the Election of Chiefs.

XVIII. He for ever baniſhes from *Epick* Poetry all Clinches, Equivocations, and Quibbles, deſigning that the Beauty of Verſe in every kind of Poetry, ſhould chiefly be founded on that of the Thoughts, which may be tranſlated into all Languages, without looſing any thing of their Force. And he declares all thoſe to be ſcurvy Poets, who ſhall hereafter trouble themſelves with Points, and employ them in a ſerious part of their Works, permitting only Comick Authors to put them into the Months of Servile, impertinent, and fooliſh People, with a deſign to ſtigmatize them: But he forbids all People of Wit, and refined Taſte to make uſe of them upon any other deſign but to turn 'em, and thoſe that uſe them to ridicule.

XIX. He orders for the future, that all the *Modern* Poets ſhall perfectly underſtand the *Latin* and the *Greecian* Tongue too, if they can: Degrading notwithſtanding to the loweſt Stage of *Parnaſſus*, all ſuch as inſtead of Cultivating their Mother Tongue, amuſe themſelves with Writing *Greek* or *Latin* Verſes, which Works his Majeſty declares Contreband;

band; together with all *Anagrams*, *Acroſticks*, and ſuch like Pedantick Diverſions: Theſe he preſcribes the Society of Polite Nations, confining them for ever within the Colleges, *Germany*, and the other Nations of the North.

XX. It ſhall be lawful for the *Germans*, *Flemins*, *Danes*, *Swedes*, *Polanders*, *Muſcovites*, *Hungarians*, to write *Latin* Verſe till they ſhall have better cultivated their Mother Tongue, and corrected the Harſhneſs of it, that they may be underſtood by the more poliſhed Nations.

XXI. In relation to the Orators, *Apollo* declares, that *Demoſthenes* is the moſt Sublime, Lively, Pathetic, and Eloquent of any that ever yet ſpoke in Publick: He continues to him the Title of *Thundering* Orator, who cuts to pieces, bears down, and diſſipates all that oppoſe his victorious Eloquence.

XXII. To *Cicero*, for all he is ſomething too long-winded, his Majeſty decrees the ſecond Place, in reſpect to the Beauty and Elogance of his Stile, the Cadence of his Periods, the Choice and Diſpoſition of his Terms, the management of his Figures with which he knew ſo well to adorn his Diſcourſe, the Lofitneſs and Force of his Thoughts, and the

the Majeſtick Air which reigns in his very Expreſſion.

XXIII. But he forbids the *Modern* Orators imitating his Oſtentation, his tedious and falty Affectation, where he often ſpeaks of himſelf, and boaſts of the important Services he has done the Republick whilſt he was Conſul, upon pain of being declared vain and injudicious Orators, and having their Merit much diminiſhed, whilſt they ſtrive to ſet the greateſt Value on it.

XXIV. To *Plato* his Majeſty continues the Title of *Divine*, which long Antiquity has granted him, in reſpect to the Beauty and Elegance of his Stile, the Force of his Reaſons, and the Purity of his Morals. However Readers have leave to think ſeveral of his Dialogues tedious, without being convicted of Ignorance, or a depraved Taſte.

XXV. To *Xenophon* he confirms the Reputation he has juſtly acquired of Elegant and Agreable Orator, under the Title of *Attick* Bee which the *Ancients* gave him to expreſs his Eloquence, equal to the ſweetneſs of Honey, that flows from the Mouth of thoſe Inſects.

XXVI.

XXVI. He declares the younger *Pliny*'s Pangerick upon *Trajan*, the moſt perfect Piece in its kind the World ever yet produced. He commands all Panegyriſts to take it for a Model, and whenever they would applaud a Prince, to make their Praiſes to conſiſt in beautiful, noble, and natural Deſcriptions of the perſonal Virtues he poſſeſſes, rather than expatite upon his happy Succeſſes, which depend upon the Accidents of Fortune, not omitting in particular to Extol him for thoſe Actions he has done for the Publick Good.

XXVII. To *Lucian* he confirms the Character he has acquired of a lively and agreeable Author, full of ingenious and delicate Raillery, forbidding all Readers to Nod over his Dialogues, upon pain of being declared dull and ſtupid.

XXVIII. He declares *Quintilian* the firſt and moſt excellent Maſter for the Precepts of Eloquence, commanding all pretenders to that Art carefully to peruſe his Works.

XXIX. He maintains *Ariſtotle* in the Reputation he has ſo juſtly acquired, for one of the moſt immenſe and ſublime Genius's that ever lived. He orders, that his excellent Works ſhall ſtill continue to ſerve for Rules

Rules to all the *Moderns* of good Taſte, in every Science and Art they ſhall diſſert upon, except his Phyſicks, which they have the Liberty to criticiſe upon as they ſhall think convenient, with leave to account him but an aweard Phyſician, ill inform'd in the Structure of the World, and to prefer the later Philoſophers before him in this particular; eſpecially the famous *Des-Cartes*, that hardy and vigorous Genius, who has form'd a new Syſtem of Phyſic ſo ingenious: On condition nevertheleſs, they ſhall not be ſo fooliſh to conclude, from ſome imperfect Rays of Knowledge, that it is poſſible for the moſt enlightned Men to penetrate into the true Cauſes of the various Works of Nature, to pry into the admirable Reſorts of that immenſe Machine which lies expoſed to their View.

XXX. He pardons *Balſac*'s Raſhneſs in daring to Diſpute the Price of Eloquence with *Demoſthenes*, in regard to the ſolemn Confeſſion he has made of his Error, and of the Repentance he has ſhewn. But in conſideration of this Pardon, he is ordered to reconcile himſelf with *Calprenede* and *Cervantes*, believing for the future, they had reaſon to make the uſe they did of his Miſcarriage, and not expoſe themſelves, as he had done, to be defeated by *Demoſthenes*.

XXXI.

XXXI. He applauds *Balſac* for having taken ſo much pains to perfect the Stile of the *French* Language; he declares his Letters, and other Works, are not without their Merit: For though they have not mounted to that Idea of true Eloquence he was all his Life in purſuit of; yet they have ſerved as a Ladder to the good Writers that followed him, to aſcend to the higheſt point of Perfection, which conſiſts in a leſs ſoaring Stile, leſs formal, more eaſy and natural than his.

XXXII. He declares the Stile of *Calprenede* to be truly Heroical, Noble, and Sublime, as it ought to be for Romance, which is a piece of Poetry in Proſe. He places therefore the Works of this Author in the firſt Rank of ſerious and Heroick Romances; commending him particularly for having known how to beſtow great and beautiful Characters upon all his Hero's.

XXXIII. He places *Miguel de Cervantes*, not only at the head of all the Authors of Comical Romance, amorous Hiſtories, and gallant Novels; but declares him the firſt, the moſt ſprightly and judicious of all the Authors of his Nation, as well upon the ſcore of the Beauty, the Purity, and the aggreeable variety of his Stile, as of the excellent Taſte which reigns throughout his moſt

moſt excellent Romance of *Don Quixot*, the juſt Criticiſms which lie ſprinkled there the judicous Reflections, and that ingenious Raillery which he knew ſo well to conceal under a ſerious Appearance in every part of his inimitable Piece.

XXXIV. He praiſes *Le Maître* and *Patru*, as well for having refuſed to diſpute the Preference with *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, as for thoſe excellent *French* Pleadings they had left to the Publick. He orders all the *French* Advocates to read them over and over again (as they did *Cicero* and *Demoſthenes*) and apply themſelves to expel that barbarous and depraved Taſte ſo frequently to be met with in the Pleadings they make every Day, for want of conſulting theſe excellent Models. And he pardon'd the Defender of *Jean Maillard*'s Cauſe for the ſame reaſon he had forgiven *Balſac*.

XXXV. To *Boccalini* he confirms the Reputation of a ſprightly Critick and witty Railler; but he cenſures his Works for want of Juſtice and Judgment; declaring, they deſervedly brought upon him the Puniſhment he received.

XXXVI. Having Mercy upon the Works of *Le Serre* and *Quivedo*, frees 'em from the Puniſhment

Puniſhment of burning they were condemned to by the *Ancients*; ordering, that inſtead of being Burnt, they ſhall be converted into Leather to make Covers for better Books.

XXXVII. *Apollo* having ſeriouſly conſidered the new Poem, which occaſion'd ſo great a Civil War amongſt his Subjects; declares, it is juſtly called *The Poem of Diſcord*; he orders it ſhall bear that Name to Eternity, as a Puniſhment to the Spirit of Revolt which reigns therein againſt *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, for the injuſtice it has done *Raphael D'urbin*, and the other Painters of the School of *Lombardy*, whoſe exquiſite Works plainly contradict what it aſſerts; and for the injury it has done *Phidias*, *Praxiteles*, with thoſe other excellent Statuaries of old, whoſe Remains cry for Vengeance.

XXXVIII. He praiſes the Author for his juſt Remarks upon ſome Dialogues of *Plato*, the Phyſick of *Ariſtotle*, and the Obſervations he has made of ſeveral Inventions, wherein the *Moderns* have excell'd the *Ancients*, as the diſcovery of the Circulation of the Blood of *Teleſcopes* and *Microſcopes*.

XXXIX. But he is of Opinion the Poet ought to have added the Invention of the Cart and ſeveral other uſes of the Loadſtone which

and other diſcoveries which help to compleat the Art of Navigation, and were the Cauſes of finding out the new World, to which the *Ancients* were abſolute Strangers. That he ought not to have omitted ſeveral other excellent Diſcoveries in divers parts of the Mathematicks, and Phyſicks made by *Des-Cartes*, and other *Moderns:* That of Gunpowder, Artillery, Printing, Automata of ſeveral kinds, with quantities of uſeful and curious Machines, wherein the *Moderns* had ſurpaſs'd Antiquity.

XL. He likewiſe applauds the *Modern* Poet for the beauty of his Verſes.

Theſe Laws thus publiſhed, his Majeſty made a ſign to the Poets and Orators to retire to their ſeveral Quarters, commanding *Clio* to retain the two Living Poets, and acquaint 'em he would ſpeak with them in particular: And when the Aſſembly was broken up, they introduced them to *Apollo.*

Advance my Children, ſaid he, with an Air equally agreeable and obliging, and know I take the Intereſt of a Father in every thing that concerns you. I am ſenſible, to how high a degree you have carried the glory of *French* Poetry, and I am now coming with pleaſure to render Juſtice to your excellent Works. But I have deſtin'd you a new

Glory more ſurprizing than this, when you ſhall have finiſh'd the * great Affair you are engaged in. This is that, my dear Children, which ſhould make you ſummon all your Vigour, to ſuſtain the Grandeur of the Subject: My whole Empire has its Eyes fixed upon you, to expect in what manner you will acquaint Poſterity with the extraordinary Actions, and glorious Life of your Hero: Your Enemies flatter themſelves, you will never be able to ſuſtain ſo great a weight, under which they hope to ſee you ſink: But I who am acquainted with Futurity, know you will thereby acquire immortal Glory.

Yet however grand your Efforts may be, to give a juſt Idea of this inimitable Prince, endeavour ſtill to encreaſe them. It is not ſufficient juſtly to deſcribe the Actions he has already done; you muſt prepare your ſelves to record an infinite Number of new Heroic Exploits; the generous and charitable Acts, whereby he Meditates to augment and preſerve the publick Good, which he makes the principal End of all his glorious Labours. Diſpoſe your ſelves then to employ the utmoſt force of your Art, and to make your Advantage of that Prophetick Ray, where-

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* *Writing the King's Hiſtory.*

with

with I am going to enlighten your Minds.

This Prince whom you ſee adored by his Subjects, fear'd by his Neighbours, reverenc'd by the moſt diſtant Princes and Nations, admired throughout the World; ſhall be propoſed in all Future Ages as a moſt accompliſh'd Model. His Life deſcribed by you, ſhall be the Rule for all Princes to walk by, that have a taſte for Glory. Some ſhall endeavour to imitate his Grandeur of Courage, his Intrepidity to reſolve and execute in Perſon the moſt dangerous Enterprizes: Others to follow his profound Wiſdom, in the Conduct of his great Deſigns, and to reſemble him in that Penetration, whereby he diſcovers the moſt hidden Secrets: Others ſhall affect to imitate his perfect Moderation in the height of Succeſs, and a proſperity always conſtant. That abſolute command he has always had over himſelf, that Equality of Mind above the Motions of Paſſion, and the Effect of thoſe violent Heats which disfigure Mankind, and from whence the moſt Perfect before his Time, were never exempt.

Others again there are, that ſhall endeavour to imitate his Goodneſs, his natural Sweetneſs; the Grace that attends all his Actions, the Art he has of gaining all the Hearts that approach him, which render him the Delight of his People, the worthy Object of their Love, of their Cares, of their

Labours, of their Wiſhes, and of their Thoughts. But as there will be many Princes that will imitate ſome part of his Virtue, of his Talents, and extraordinary Qualities, ſo none will be found ſo happy to imitate him in all. Hence you may conclude, how difficult your Work will be, ſince you are to aſſemble, in his ſingle Perſon, Materials, which might ſerve to form ſeveral kinds of Hero's, and perfect all the Princes of Poſterity.

The two *Moderns* charm'd with the Recital of the immortal Glory, deſtin'd to their Hero, and of that *Apollo* promiſed to their Labours, return'd him many thanks: Whereupon he aſcended into the Air, all environ'd with Light, to continue his Bleſſing to the World: Thus his pureſt Rays having pierced and enlightned the Spirits of theſe two excellent Authors, they return'd to the Living full of the God.

THE AGE OF *LEWIS* the Great.

ANtiquity 'tis own'd, does well deſerve
Profound Reſpect, yet not to be adored.
The *Ancients* I with unbent Knees behold,
For they, tho' great, were Men as well as we,
And juſtly one may venture to compare
The Age of *Lewis*, to *Auguſtus*'s Days.
What Time more Conquering Chiefs did ere pro-
(duce?
What Time more Rampiers forc'd by brave Aſ-
(ſault?
Or when did Victory 'ere urge her Steeds

With Speed more rapid thro' the glorious Courſe?
Would we at laſt throw off the ſpecious Veil,
Which Prejudice has caſt before our Eyes,
Errors traditionary ceaſe to praiſe,
Thro' our own Opticks view the homely Scene;
Plainly we might perceive the Ages paſt
No Title to our Adoration claim,
And that with them for Skill in Lib'ral Arts
Without the leaſt Preſumption we may vie.

Plato, by our Forefathers thought *Divine*,
Does now begin to flag upon our Hands.
In vain *Maucroix*, with partial Care has ſtrove,
To ſave each Grace, the *Attick* Salt preſerve,
Since ne're was Reader yet ſo patient known,
Who could peruſe a ſingle Dialogue.

How much has *Ariſtotle* been extol'd?
Yet leſs infallible in Phyſicks he

Then

Then in Hiſtoric Truths *Herodotus.*
His Works, whoſe Beauties Charm the wiſer ſort,
Our younger Regents difficultly Taſt,
Nor wonder, ſince in ſo obſcure a Night,
Where cautious Nature ſhuns the Reader's Eye.
And the moſt penetrating Judgments find
Nothing but Phantoms to reward their Thoughts.
For he, without reſpect to real Cauſes,
Makes ſimple Qualities all things Effect.
And his obſcure Hypotheſis on this depends,
That Beings were of Non-exiſtents form'd,
That fiery Comets from groſs Vapours riſe,
That Planets rowl about the Firmament,
And all the reſt of the Celeſtial Fires
Hang in the Azure Ceiling of the Sky.

Great God, how much our Knowledge is in-rich'd

With Objects numberleſs, of ſize immenſe,
Since firſt incomparable Art found out
The happy Secret of the Teleſcope?
Which brings remoteſt Things within our View
Fix'd on the Earth or pendent in the Air.
Within the Circuit of this Univerſe
Innumerable Worlds have been deſcryed,
And when the Night her Sable Mantle ſpreads,
New Suns in number equal to the Stars.
Thus thro' another Glaſs no leſs admired,
A Thouſand curious Objects meet the Eye,
Which all its force contracting in a Point,
Juſt Judgment on the niceſt Atoms forms,
Explodes diſtinctly each Minuter part,
Diſcovers Natures unfrequented Cells,
Into her ſecret Sanctuary pries,
And with Amazement there beholds her Work-
(ings.

So

So far had prejudice o're Man prevail'd,
For all his Learning, ſtranger to himſelf;
Whilſt Cuſtom Bounds to his enquiries ſet,
He knew not the *Meander* in his Veins,
The uſeful Veſſels, or the Nutriment,
Whoſe happy changes Nature's wants ſupply,
The Artful Conſtitution of his Frame,
The Heavenly ſtructure of the Microcoſm.
And yet amongſt the Wonders that ſo oft
Th' Almighties various Power on Earth diſplay
Learned Antiquity could never boaſt
Diſcovery of equal weight with this.

But tho' for Skill in Nature leſs renown'd
She boaſts the Wonders of her Eloquence
Her Roman *Tully*, Greek *Demoſthenes*
Th' Eternal Glories of their Native Soil
Who's Thunder ſtrikes me with an awful dread

Two

Two powerful Names prepar'd to bear us down;
Yet were the mighty Combatants engag'd
We ſhould divide the Glory of the Day.
What tho' our Orators their Force employ
T' expel Diſſeizors from a Field uſurp'd,
By weighty Reaſons from preſcription drawn,
To prove the Current of an Aqueduct,
Or by Harangue with every Grace adorn'd
T' aſſert the Right of *Jean Maillards* Pretence?
Tho' their more ſtately Eloquence ne'er deign'd
Upon ſuch humble Subjects to diſſert:
Nor have our Advocates been yet retain'd
Like them to plead the Cauſe of Crowned (Heads,
To move a pow'rful People to declare
Againſt Great *Alexander*'s Warlike Sire.
Yet our more nervous and more ſprightly Turns
Deeper impreſſions on the Crowd had made.
For tho' our *Cato*'s ſit upon the Bench
Unmoved

Unmoved with their ſurprizing Eloquence
And oft' are lull'd by the Harangue to Sleep:
Around the Bar the ardent Hearers Crowd,
Are touch'd, and rend the Skies with their Ap-
(plauſe.

Thus by the utmoſt Force of *Southern* Gales
The peaceful Lakes are hardly diſcompoſed
Whilſt the leaſt *Northern* blaſt on Briny Plains
Heaves up the troubled Waves unto the Sky.

Father of Arts, to whom the God of Verſe
Profoundeſt Myſteries diſcloſed
Inimitable *Homer*, mighty *Bard*,
Who's Name my Muſe does awfully Revere,
Moſt juſtly have thy noble Fictions been
The Charm of every People, every Age,
Juſtly have thy two Hero's fam'd Exploits
Employ'd the Pencils of each Artful Hand,
To thee our Palaces their Beauties owe

Our

Our Walls and Ceilings wear thy Livery.
Yet had the Gods, more bounteous to our *France*,
Defer'd thy Birth unto the preſent Age,
Thoſe flaws imputed to thy rough hewn Days
The glorious Rapſody had ne'er profan'd,
Thy ſtately Leaders Prodigies of War,
With Arms extended in the yielding Air;
Prepared to ſend each other to the Shades,
Had not ſo long with irkſome Prefaces,
On the great Acts of their Heroic Race:
Fatigued the Reader, whilſt they ſhould have (fought,
Then had thy Fancy form'd thy Demigods;
Leſs Bruitiſh, with more mercy, leſs Caprice,
With Judgment more refined, more habile Art,
Achilles Buckler might have been contrived;
Vulcan's chief Maſter-piece, whoſe skilful Hand,
On the bright Front of the reſounding Braſs,
Has graved the Heavens, Air, the Sea, the Land,
And

And all that *Amphitrites* Arms embrace.
Where the fair Morning Star appears,
The Moon ſurrounded by her ſhining Court;
Two Cities ſpeaking different Languages,
Two Orators pronouncing their Harangues:
Where youthful Shepherds on a pleaſant Bank,
At firſt by turns, then all together Dance;
By Lyon torn, a Bull is ſeen to roar,
Sweet Conſorts, and an hundred Things beſides,
Tho' never Graver guided by a God;
Could repreſent the Language of a Mute:
This famous Buckler in a nicer Age,
Had juſter been, and leſs engraved,
Thy fertile Genius to Deſcription turned,
To ſuch Digreſſions had not led thy Muſe,
Bridling thy Alegorical exceſs,
Thou 'adſt ſtricter Reins upon that Rage impos'd,
Which has tranſported thee to ſuch Exceſs:

That

That *Horace* plays the Friend, to ſay thou nodſt.
Menander's genius 'tis agreed was rare,
And rightly turn'd to pleaſe the *Attic* Stage;
Virgil's Deſerts do likewiſe Altars claim,
Immortal Honours too are *Ovid*'s due.
But yet theſe Authors, whom we now adore,
Were never worſhipp'd whilſt alive:
Let *Martial*'s Judgment here the Point decide,
Menander living ſeldom charm'd the *Greek*;
And *Ennius* Antique Verſes were rehears'd,
With Pleaſure by the greateſt Lords of *Rome*,
Whilſt *Virgil*'s Numbers leſs Attention drew;
Such Charms Antiquity has ever had,
That even am'rous *Ovid*'s moving ſtrain,
To all but his *Corinna* was unknown.
'Twas Time alone eſtabliſh'd their Renown,
Each rowling Age, the great Account increas'd,
Till having paſt the Teſt of envious Time;

To

They mounted to the higheſt Eminence.
Thus in extended Streams the River flows,
Approaching with Majeſtic Courſe the Sea,
Which gently gliding from its Head unknown,
Once hardly Wet the neighb'ring Banks.

What Rank in Honors Temple is not due,
To our *Regniers*, *Maynards*, *Cambauds*, *Mal-*
(*herbs*,
Gaudeaux, *Racans*, whoſe juſt and noble flights,
Proceeding from the Vein which Nature gave,
Have Crown'd their Temples with immortals
(Bays;
What value will not future Ages ſet,
On eaſie *Voiture* lively *Saraſin*,
Upon *Molier* our *Triſtans* and *Retrous*,
With Hundreds more the Glories of their Age,
But what will be the great *Cornelle*'s Reward
The Pride and Wonder of the *Gallic* Stage:
Who knew ſo well to mix with great Events,
Heroic

Heroic Beauty of his noble Thoughts.
Whoſe admirable Works the joyful Crowd,
With never ceaſing Acclamations Crown'd;
Whilſt to his Joy the wiſeſt Prince on Earth,
With Pleaſures ſaw the Hero's he inform'd.

What Mortal can conceive the mighty Fame,
Theſe wondrous Authors ſhall hereafter gain;
When Time, that is, in future Minutes drown'd,
To late Poſterity their Works tranſmits;
And by his growing irreſiſtleſs Pow'r,
Shall uſher in their *Apotheſis.*
Lets hence to other Arts our Thoughts transfer,
Behold the mighty progreſs they have made;
Let us conjure thee lovely Painting: Say,
Thou who doeſt Mimick Mother Natures ſteps;
Did the famed Maſters of the Ages paſt,
Such wondrous, ſuch unheard of Gifts poſſeſs?
Ought we to form a Judgment of their Works,

By

By thoſe applauſes their Admirers give?
Great Maſter-piece indeed a Bird to cheat,
Moſt wondrous Art a Curtain to deſcribe,
And was it ſuch a matchleſs piece of Skill;
To part a ſlender, by a nicer Line.
Theſe ſingular exploits would hardly ſerve,
At preſent for a Learners firſt Eſſay.
So trifling was theſe early Painters skill,
They knew no more then their Admirers now.

Great were the Maſters of the latter Age,
Illuſtrious *Raphael*'s genius was immenſe;
His lively Pencil had a matchleſs turn,
And e'ry Figure finiſh'd by his Hand,
Immortal Graces to the view diſplaies.
To him ſucceeded his renowned School,
And that of *Lombardy* ſo highly fam'd,
Whoſe Tablets ſhall in future Ages pleaſe,
Regale the view of the beholding Crowd,

And yet to them the Secrets of their Art,
Was but imparted with a ſparing Hand,
The moſt Expert did but obſcurely know,
The happy Management of Lights and Shades.
Nor ſhall you meet in their more ſimple way,
That wondrous force of Light which well diſpoſed,
Gives proper Shades to the remoter Parts,
Which of the various Object, that the Piece requires,
By interwoven Colours makes but one,
And treats our Opticks with exacteſt Truth,
Dreſt in the ſweeteſt, the moſt native Form.
But not reſpecting that apparent Change,
Which groſſer Air does cauſe; they oft deſcribe,
The weakeſt deepnings and the moſt effaced,
Plain as the neareſt, and the lateſt drawn.
Whereas the diſtant Objects ſhould be drawn,
Such as they ſeem, confus'd, not as they are.

By

By this *Le Bruns* inimitable Hand,
Has ſuch a lively Air on ev'ry Piece beſtow'd,
His famous Works in Ages yet to come,
Shall be admired by late Poſterity.

Not far removed from lovely Paintings Seat,
Was younger Sculptures Manſion always fixt;
Near her *Apollo*, *Venus*, *Bacchus* ſtand,
Lavin, *Laocoon* and *Hercules*;
Amongſt Ten Thouſand artful Pieces choſe,
Their heav'nly Beauties ſtrike my Soul with wonder;
Oft I believe they ſpeak, they breathe and move:
And here I muſt confeſs the bold Attempt,
The Difficulty to ſuſtain my Problem.
But indefatigable Art has found,
That even theſe are not without Defects;
The Stature of the good *Laocoon*,
Bears not the leaſt Proportion to his Sons:

The ſlimy Bodies of the furious Snakes,
Graſp not his Children, but incircle dwarfs;
Nay, *Hercules* by ſome has been Condemn'd,
Becauſe his Muſcles Natures bounds exceed.
But tho' the Sages of Antiquity,
Would theſe apparent flaws to Beauties turn;
'Twere hard ſo far our Judgments to poſſeſs,
To make us ſee no Beauties in *Verſails.*
The impartial Judge, who dares believe his Eyes,
Will not eſteem 'em leſs Correct tho' New.
How juſtly they our Admiration claim?
How lively, tho' expos'd to Envies view?
But what will be th'applauſe of Future Ages,
When Time ſhall have deſtroy'd a Noſe or Arm;
The *Virtuoſi* ſhall hereafter ſay,
Theſe Works Divine, where every touch is (rare,
Were in the Age of mighty *Lewis* form'd.
Fam'd *Gerard* on Majeſtic *Phœbus* made,

The

The Brother *Gaſpards* his immortal Steeds,
Which ſeem to neigh, and move with ſtately (Pride,
That charming *Acis*, which enchants the view,
Where Art and Nature for the Maſt'ry ſtrive,
Her Birth to graceful *Baptiſts* Hand does owe.
No longer let us then delay to view,
The Place where various wonders treat the (Sight,
Where not a ſingle Palace, but a Town
Built of materials worthy of the Structure,
Employ the Thought, Regale the wondring (Eye.
Rather a World compleat, where e'ry Part,
Of Natures Works the great Aſſembly make;
On every ſide the gentle Rivers meet,
By indefatigable Art compell'd,
To Mount the Summit of the higheſt Hills;
Whoſe diſemboguing Streams an Ocean form,
Inrich the Plains below, and as they glide,

Repoſe themſelves upon an hundred Beds.
Now let Antiquity her Works produce,
And equal if ſhe can this various Pomp.
Thus the grave Orator who's prejudiced,
In Favour of Antiquity believes,
He Complements the King when he compares,
His to the Gardens of *Alcinous:*
Which if we Credit the *Mæonian Bard,*
Who thought he'ad form'd a noble Plat,
Compleat four Acres in its Circuit held;
Moſt providently fill'd with fruitful Trees,
There grew the Pear, the Fig, the Orange too,
The loaded Vine, and there to Sun expoſed,
Hung Cluſters for th'enſuing Winters Uſe;
Within this Compaſs were two Fountains placed,
Whoſe humbler Streams to Heav'n did not aſpire;
But at ſome Diſtance form'd two peaceful Brooks;
One

One to refreſh the Garden was employ'd,
The other not reſtrain'd within thoſe Bounds,
Serv'd to Solace the weary Travellor.
Thus in the neighb'ring Hamlets do appear,
Our * *Vignierons* well cultivated Grounds.
What raviſhing Delights thoſe Shades afford,
Where gentle Peace, and ſoft Repoſe reſide;
Where Brooks do their harmonious murmurs (mix,
And join with *Philomela*'s ſofter Notes,
But this ſweet Concert, which her Love ex- (plains,
Reminds me of the Debt to Muſic due.

The *Grecians* on this Point were ever vain,
Incredible Reports have often made;

This was deſigned to ridicule *Homer*, becauſe the *French* have nothing that is uſeful, no Fruit Trees in their Fine Gardens, nor any Thing but what ſerves intirely for Pomp and Shew.

* The Man that takes Care of the Vineyard.

Thus they inform us, that the *Thracian Bard,*
Enchanted Beaſts by his attractive Lyre;
Nay ev'n the ſturdy Oak, and humble Shrub,
Confeſs'd the Magic of his Luring Notes,
Thus by *Amphion*'s Harp the Rocks inform'd,
Began to move, and danced into a Wall,
Theſe Fables, 'tis Confeſs'd their Morals had,
And by the *Greeks* were artfully contrived;
But what ſhall we Reply, when in a tone
More ſerious, Myſtic meanings laid aſide,
They ſay, the *Phrygian* Mode could Paſſions (move,
Diſarm the Stoick of his Apathy,
Fury betwixt the ſtricteſt Friends incite;
Tranſport 'em to the laſt Exceſs of Rage,
And when the Criſis of their Fate approach'd,
By ſlower *Dorian* ſtrain's their Minds relax'd,
Reduced unto their *Priſtine* Peace again;
And diſappointed much expecting Death,
Nay,

Nay, more they make their Boasts of Harmony,
Which might to States of great Importance prove
Whose Notes extinguish all unlawful Fires;
Preserve the Brittle Virtue of the Fair,
Thus Lovely *Clytemnestra* once secured,
Bravely withstood the false Seducers Arts:
Whilst the Lute-master staid in vain he sued,
Him once expell'd the Charm of Course dis-solv'd;
Which from those Dangers had preserv'd the Queen,
And She confess'd the frailty of her Sex.
This Heavenly Art is not content to Charm
The Ear alone with its melodious Sounds,
Or passing to the Heart, with wond'rous Force
Of Eloquence provoke the stubborn Seeds
Of jarring Passions to forget their Rage,
And drunk with Musick all, (strange Magick!) dance
In

In *Chorus* with its Lays: But ſoaring Mounts
The Summit of Philoſophy ſerene,
And there makes Reaſon gladly own its Powr.

The Choice, the Order of tranſporting Notes
Varying, with Ecchoes juſt to every Touch,
Of diff'rent Motions and diſcordant Sounds
Th' Agreement ſweet, when meditating Pow-
(ers
Of others intercede, by skilful Hands,
The Mixture ſtrange, where loſty Sounds in-
(ſpire
A Warlike Ardor, where *Chromatick* Airs
Breath ſoftning Languiſhments; the Thouſand
(turns
Raviſh the Soul with Joy ineffable.
So when at Night the vaulted Azure ſhines
Powder'd with brillant Starrs, with inward
(Joy
Contemplating We view the lively Fires
Pure and Serene; and with profound Reſpect
Are

Are ſeiz'd; while We the beauteous Orbs admire
In Number wondrous, Size prodigious large.
But when by Scrutiny ſublime We know
The meaſur'd Courſes of thoſe lovely Fires
Their Aſpects, their Declenſions and their Fall
With their Returns, which all the Seaſons form;
How We adore the Wiſdom Infinite!
Whoſe num'rous and celeſtial Harmony
In ſtricteſt Order ſuch vaſt Movements keeps
Which in their Rounds Majeſtically Dance
Exacteſt Time to His Sonorous Lyre.

Greece, I muſt own, in Voices has excell'd
Whoſe pow'rful ſweetneſs charm'd the willing (Ear,
Their Maſters dextrous in compoſing Songs,
Made them like *Lully*'s natural and Free;
But unacquainted with th'extreme Delights,
Which Songs in Parts and Symphonies afford,

Muſt

Muſt own how little of this Art they knew;
And if with their own Muſick they were (touch't,
'Twas 'cauſe they fancied their own Nation (firſt
Invented it, and their miſtaken Joys
Were but th'Effects of fondling what they (made.

So when an Infant makes it's firſt Eſſays
To ſpeak, and form a Word with pratling (Noiſe,
The broken Sounds delight the Mother more,
Than all the artful Rhet'rick of the Bar.

O! That I cou'd the great *Arion* raiſe
With *Orpheus*, and *Amphion* fam'd in Song,
From their obſcure Retreats! That they might (ſee
Wonders, to Ages which they grac'd, unknown.

Quand la Toile ſe leve, &c.

When

When the Scene opens, and the charming
(Sounds,
Made by the Tone of various Inſtruments;
Compoſe the Grave, yet ſprightly Symphony,
Harmonious Notes enchant the Hearers Soul.
And even Stoicks in a Moment find
Their Senſes forc'd to own the Magic Pow'r.
So when ſoft Voices by the Chorus joyn'd,
Their various Accents, moving quavers mix
The long Agreement of their doleful ſtrains
Compaſſion from the moſt obdurate draws.
What pleaſing Pow'rs wou'd ſuch new Graces
(have
O're Souls inſpir'd with this enchanting Art.

Each Art from divers Secrets takes its ſource
Which Uſe made known to deep inquiring
(Man
And ev'ry Day Refines and Poliſhes

The

The rude imperfect Stamp they first put on.

So the low Roofs of our first Anceſtors
With *Lilly* Stalks and humble Ruſhes crown'd,
Had nothing in their Structure to compare
With the proud height of our rich Palaces;
No more than Saplins to the aged Oaks
Whoſe ſpacious Shades relieve the diſtant (Fields,
And lofty Branches fan their neighb'ring Skies.

But where's the Prize, ſays one, when thus (you vaunt
That Time ſagacious ev'ry Art unfolds?
Nature now paſt her Teeming-time no more
Produces ſuch, Wiſe, Great, Illuſtrious Men
Which in her youthful Vigor ſhe beſtow'd
Freely on Thouſand Nations, and adorn'd
The happy Ages of the Infant World.

Excuſe

Excuſe me, Nature ſtill remains the ſame
Still kind ſhe takes the ſame obliging Care
To form the Body, and to grace the Mind
The glorious Star that uſher'd in this Morn,
Ne'er with more brillant Beauties deck the Sky,
The bluſhing Roſes of our joyous Spring
With lovelier Hue, ne're made their Gardens (ſmile;
The Royal Lillies with enamail'd Grace,
Ne'er glory'd more, nor blooming *Jeſſamins*
Nor *Philomela* in the Golden Age
More bleſs our liſt'ning Sires, than when her (Voice
Provokes the Ecchoes ſleeping in our Groves
In warbling Streams to learn her charming Song.

Thus Nature's Womb impatient of Decay,
Still breeds Things perfect, ſuff'ring no alloy.

Ages,

Ages, 'tis true, do differ, ſome are fam'd
For Learning, ſome in Ignorance are loſt
But if the Cauſe, the Object, and the Theme
Of ſhining Parts be a good Monarch Reign;
What Age for Kings moſt famous in Renown,
With this bright Age of *Lewis* can compare?
Of *Lewis* with immortal Glory crown'd,
The great Example of the greateſt Kings.

Sure Heaven in Forming him, profuſely kind
Us'd all Her Treaſures, and improv'd his Form
With all the nobler Beauties of the Mind.
Officious Victory reſerv'd by Fate
Attends the Hero, midſt rough Wars Allarms,
She binds with Laurels his triumphant Head,
And his fierce Troops with Luſt of Conqueſt warms.
But when he condeſcends himſelf to move

The

The painful Engines of the lab'ring State;
How bright the Face of Things appears! How
(mixt,
His Majesty and Goodness! Then the Laws
Revive as pure, as when *Astræa* reign'd.
His Peoples Rage * Domestick now no more *Duels
Humbles th'Ungrateful, and at his Command
Supports the tott'ring Crowns of weak Allies,
The fierce *Herians* gladly Homage pay
And own 'tis glorious by his Arms to fall.
His conq'ring Arms so vers'd in Wars exploits,
When he Attacks the Towns by Numbers fall
Forthwith whole Provinces submit, his Arms
Suffer no Bounds, but what his Will prescribes
His Army in his Presence wades thro' Floods:
Where *Cæsar*'s Troops o're trembling Bridges
(past,
Three mighty States 'gainst him conjur'd in
(Arms
He meets, and humbles their untimely Pride

And to chaſtiſe them, he impoſes —— Peace
Inſtructed whence this vaſt Puiſſance flows,
To Heav'n he pays the great Acknowledgment,
Witneſs his early Zeal, his pious Cares,
To lead into the wholeſome Paths of Truth,
Poor wandring Souls in mazy Errors loſt,
Loſt in Religious Miſts, but now retriev'd,
Among the Trophies of his Virtue ſhines.

Perhaps we're prejudic'd with good Succeſs,
And the near Object hinders Reaſons Ken.
Let us Poſtpone our Sentiments, and ſee
What Thoughts th'extremeſt Nations entertain,
Where *Phœbus* darts his Virgin Influence
Where the kind Earth, with inexhauſted Hands
Diſtributes Riches to the *Weſtern* World,
And where their Kings fantaſtically vain;
Puniſh with Death, Regards from vulgar Eyes,

E'en

E'en there without his Squadrons, or his Fleet,
Lewis in Fame ſhines eminently great:
Charm'd with his Actions, they ſoon quit their (Eaſe,
And Court the Dangers of the boiſtrous Main,
To render Homage at his Royal Feet.
Bleſt in his Mein at once to ſee of Men
The beſt, of Kings the firſt in high Renown.

Great Heav'n to whom this Light immenſe we (owe
Which ſhines with Splendour on our Age and (*France*,
Continue ſtill thy Favours in our King
And late, yet later take from hence our Joy,
Our Joy! The Terror of the World beſide,
A King, who free'd from the rude Toils of (War,
Only in this employs his gen'rous Cares
To make us Happy, and to reign in Peace.

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

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